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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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No. 876—Vol. XXXIV.]

NEW YORK, JULY 13, 1872.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY. 13 WEEKS, \$1 00.]



"TAKE AWAY THE SWORD; STATES CAN BE SAVED WITHOUT IT"—BRING THE PEN!

BULWER-LYTTON.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
337 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
NEW YORK, JULY 13, 1872.

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One copy one year, or 52 numbers - \$4.00
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One copy for thirteen weeks - 1.00

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A MANLY ACCEPTANCE OF THE SITUATION DEMANDED.

THE nomination of Greeley at Baltimore seems to be—in fact, is admitted to be a foregone conclusion. He will probably be nominated on the first ballot, and by a two-thirds vote, according to the usages of the Democratic Party. Taking this for granted, we cannot discover the wisdom or policy of certain Democratic leaders and newspapers, who confess this result inevitable, and who, in accepting it as such, still couple that acceptance with protests, and sneers, and hisses. "A nauseous dose!" "A bitter pill!" "Disagreeable necessity!" and so on, are common phrases in the quarters we have alluded to.

Now, we protest against all this. If the force of public opinion, policy, or the higher considerations of patriotism, are sufficiently potential to insure the nomination of Mr. Greeley, why not accept the result like true men? Leave impotent protest and grimace to children.

The Democratic Party in its integrity desires the nomination of Mr. Greeley. Its different members may be actuated, as all aggregates of men must be, by various considerations. Yet, they seek the same result. Is the achievement of that result likely to be assisted by the ominous lifting of eyebrows, by wry mouths, and by reference to sayings and doings of a quarter of a century ago, when what was true in politics would be false to-day? Does a general, when, from any consideration, he consents to a surrender—does he couple the act with idle and mocking words and impotent protests? The Democratic leaders have been forced to accept the tendency of the Democratic masses—in favor of Mr. Greeley. Let them do it gracefully, and take no action, say no word that will nullify or defeat the hopes and objects, not of their own party alone, but of a great and patriotic body of men who have thrown off the manacles of party, and power, and patronage, and are ready to join them in a genuine reform in the land, and a return to the principles and traditions of the Republic.

The alternative now is between Grant and Greeley. "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve!" But let your choice be coupled with no mental reservations. Be loyal to the flag you elect to serve under; and when you are beneath its folds, let every energy be directed to Success! Do not try to resurrect the Past. "Let the dead bury the dead!"

THE PEN AND THE SWORD.

WE have all heard and appreciated the great truth, that,

"—In the hands of men entirely great,
The pen is mightier than the sword."

and this should seem naturally the belief of a people like ours, whose history confirms it. But such is not the theory of the supporters and eulogists of the present General-in-chief, who has encamped at Long Branch.

Familiar with the one weapon, he never has known how to use the other. And if there be in his appreciation any instrument which is yet mightier, it is only the bayonet—as the history of his so-called *Reconstruction* of the Southern States, and clamorous cry for martial law at the close of the Congressional session, abundantly testify.

"Like master, like man," and the guiding principles of his adherents, and the nature of their appeals to the American people in behalf of the perpetuation of his military rule, prove how faithfully and servilely they follow their leader.

Pick up any illustrated paper in favor of Grant, and what meets the eye? The emblems of war, not of peace—Liberty or America represented as steel-clad warriors leaning on cannon and flourishing swords, as though War were the normal condition of the country, and Peace destined always to be an alien; while the candidate of the Opposition is ever portrayed as pursuing the peaceful paths of civil life, or enjoying rural labors, as a quiet citizen should, Grant is always represented as an avenging warrior, whose sole duty is to govern by the sword.

So that, in fact, the issue seems broadly made in this contest between the rule of the pen

and the sword—to the latter of which might have been justly added the purse—the most potential of the weapons in the armory of the Anti-Reform Party.

If there be in this broad land a man who can justly represent the pen, that man is Horace Greeley; for, with that he has written his way to Fame and to the Affection of the American people, and done as much with it in lopping away public abuses as ever he does with his ax among the brushwood at Chappaqua. His life and career prove the truth of the lines we have quoted, and the "hands" must have been "great" indeed, to have done such work with so small a weapon.

The man of war—the successful general—is a necessity in time of war. He ever has been either useless or mischievous to the country in periods of peace, and our history for the past four years, in which our military ruler has prevented the return of real peace, only adds one more illustration to this truth.

Hence, we echo his words—sick and weary of the "drum and trumpet," things which his Administration lives on—"Let us have Peace!" And Peace we never shall have until a man of peace sits in the Presidential chair again, and civilians take the place of soldiers at the White House, where now what used to be secretaries are "Aids," and epaulets and sashes supply the place of pens and paper.

No foreigner now visits the White House without being struck with the military air of everything and everybody around it. The new Emperor of Germany, whose empire never professed to be based on peace, cannot equal the martial surroundings of his American rival, nor had he, at the close of the session of his legislature, to ask extraordinary power to put down "rebellion," real or imaginary, among his subjects.

We believe the sentiment of our people revolts at all this military machinery, and the rule of the sword and the bayonet is destined soon to pass away, with the memories of the sad war which brought it upon us.

We believe the want of the country now is for statesmen, not for soldiers—for the restored rule of Law, not of bayonets—and for a bridging over of the gulf which has so long separated the divided and discordant sections of the country.

These things can only be effected by making a radical change in the men and measures of the Government—by the substitution of the Man of the Pen for the Man of the Sword—and, with the blessing of God and the votes of the people, we hope to see that change effected in November next, by a popular acclaim such as has not been heard since the people refused to elect the soldier Scott, and placed a civilian in the White House.

GIBBERING OF THE GHOSTS.

THE result of the Fifth Avenue Conference has been practically to give Mr. Greeley a second nomination, and to secure the third, which now surely awaits him at Baltimore. Called by his avowed opponents for the purpose of concentrating the Opposition strength within the Liberal and Democratic ranks against the indorsement of the Cincinnati ticket at Baltimore, it has made what was only a strong probability now a certainty. Like Balaam, those who came to curse remained to bless; and the weakness, not the strength, of the handful of real malcontents was exposed by their own device. Probably never before in the history of political conferences was there so signal a disappointment in store for a handful of plotters, nor engineers so ignominiously hoisted on their own petards.

Like the man of sense he undoubtedly is, Mr. Wells, decidedly the ablest man among the malcontents, declined to commit himself by traveling further on the road which leads from Greeley to Grant. But Mr. Atkinson and a half-dozen others were not so wise, and made that fatal step which divides the sublime from the ridiculous, by the shadow of a separate nomination, which one of the nominees has already plaintively protested against, and which the other doubtless will repudiate.

The astonishing strength developed at this conference by the Cincinnati ticket, wherein the voices of Trumbull and Schurz, the fathers of the Reform movement, were so strongly lifted up, and the unanimous echo to these patriotic utterances from an undivided South and North, all have shown the plotters that their opposition is hopeless. Yet, nevertheless, they will persist in shrilly shrieking and scolding, and, like the ghosts they are, imitate Hamlet's father in "making night hideous" by their tragic apparition, without being of the least possible use either to friend or foe.

We say to these perturbed spirits, in pity more than in anger, that it is high time to cease these antics and these clamors, and "accept the situation," as they have so often admonished others to do.

It is now manifest to the meanest capacity that there are to be but two Presidential tickets presented to the American people for their suffrages, and every patriotic citizen owes it to himself and to his country to take his side

in the coming contest between the candidates of Reform and Union on the one side, and of Despotism, Corruption and Disunion on the other. Greeley represents the first—Grant, the last; and no man will have any other option than to choose between them.

Never was the old adage, "He that is not for us is against us," more applicable than now, when the voice and the vote of every honest man in the land are needed to put down the military despot and his army of spoilsmen, who are strong only in public plunder and in patronage, and who can and will muster every one of their pensioners, on penalty of loss of place and pay.

Hence it is that things which in an ordinary canvass would be only absurd and mischievous are absolutely wicked at a time like this, when the life of the nation is really at stake; and we feel bound indignantly to denounce these little Neros of Free Trade, who "fiddle while Rome is burning."

THE DIVISION OF LABOR.

PERFECTION in all mechanical work has been found by experience to ensue from a division of labor, and the workshop of England has here both its pride and opprobrium—pride, when it points to its perfected work; opprobrium, when it shows the belittled mind of a man whose entire life has been spent in pointing a pin or cutting the eye of a needle.

The opposite extreme is characterized by the popular adage, "Jack of all trades, and master of none." And the marked example of this form of life is in the wild savage, who is fain to make everything for himself, tool, utensil, clothing, and at the same time find the food to support life. If the degradation of the English artisan is necessary, this dwarfing of the intellect—which with ten hours' work a day it is not—even then is far better than the other.

But this division of labor is not, as is generally supposed, limited to the mechanical pursuits; it is to be found in probably every sphere of life, and is rapidly increasing and spreading into every occupation. Machinery is but one expression of it. A cotton-mill does the carding, spinning, weaving, and the whole work that our grandmothers did personally, and like machines make the embroidery that queens and grand ladies pricked their delicate fingers in creating. Nobody knits stockings nowadays, and the sewing-machine has swept away those smart women whose extraordinary faculty of making a complete ruffled shirt "in a day" rendered them the boast of the town.

And there is an unsuspected division of labor in higher spheres of industry. Long ago Law was divided and subdivided, and one was the deliver for precedents in musty tomes and forgotten decisions. To-day Medicine has its specialists; surgeons who attend only to the eye, ear or womb, etc.; doctors who know nothing except about livers, lungs, kidneys, or something more abstruse—the nerves and organs of action and thought.

There are clergymen who only bury the dead and carry consolation to the sick; others who preach and teach, and move multitudes; and of these last, there are some who also write their own sermons, and there are others who but suggest subjects, and have their leading ideas followed out and extended by more correct scholars. So much is this the fashion, that there are to be found in most large cities, agencies where sermons, addresses and lectures on any and all scientific subjects are furnished to order, from twenty-five dollars upward. Nor is this all, for it is well known that elaborate works, both of science and belles-lettres, are also written to order—the man whose name is upon the title-page being utterly unable to have written a single page of it, if capable of spelling its words correctly. In a recent lawsuit in this city, a verdict was gained by the applicant, who sued for a sum for writing a book on surgery—the defense being that he was engaged merely to edit it. But the applicant proved that the only material given him was a couple of bushels of pamphlets, books and magazines—not a line of manuscript—and that he had actually written every word of it.

Another ambitious professor made a sad *rusco*, in reading a lecture on an abstruse subject collateral to his profession, by fatally stumbling over a word which he could not pronounce, the meaning of which he did not know, and without which his whole lecture was a chaos.

Raphael, Michael Angelo, and like artists, we know, had students who did much of the painting upon the great pictures by their masters; but the artists of the present day hire journeymen to do what they know not how to execute properly, such as architectural drawing, making proportions, perspective and the like; this is called mere mechanical work, which a half-hour's devotion to and study of will enable any one to do, but which those who so call it never find to give to this important branch, requiring a peculiar eye and knowledge. The immense quantity of Doré's pic-

tures are actually made by his employes, he merely giving a general direction—for one to draw a mountain, another a house, villa or hovel upon it, where he makes a red mark with a pencil; another a horse and sheep, or man, here and there, in attitudes which a sweep of the crayon indicates, the finishing expression to which, marked with his characteristic genius, his own hand may afterward give.

But are not a lady's chignon and flowing curls hers, if she has paid for them? and is not even a President's Message his, if he puts his name to it?

Now, with this division of labor, should there not be also a division of glory and honor? A sculptor carves his name on the pedestal of a statue, the coarse idea of which only was his, for the clay received the revision of an anatomical draughtsman, who was carefully educated in the mysteries of foreshortening and the exigencies of position; the marble was cut by still another. The real glory belongs to the man who has had a Government contract (or "struck oil"), and has money to pay for it. He is the modern man of genius, and it is for his money that all these toil and grovel and sell their brains, their labor and their name. And how much better are they than the honest man who puts bread into his children's mouths by putting heads on pins, day after day, from his entrance into the world to his final exit! VANITY OF VANITIES; ALL IS VANITY!

THE BUBBLING OF THE FRENCH CALDRON.

ONE of the most curious spectacles afforded by that strange tragic drama we have recently witnessed in France is its *dénouement*.

After a series of struggles of the most bloody kind, within and without the walls of Paris, in which the cannon and the mitrailleuse were the chief arbiters, we see the entire power of the State vested absolutely in the hands of a very old civilian, and his threat of resignation makes the whole of France hysterical.

Since the days of Cardinal Richelieu, no infirm old man has wielded such absolute authority over the destinies of France as does President Thiers to-day. Like Richelieu, he well knows how to eke out the lion's skin with the fox's; like the crafty Cardinal, he loves himself well—as he also truly loves France; and like him, he may say with more truth than did the king: "After me, the Deluge."

For, strange as it may seem, the common conviction in France now is, that on the single life of that infirm old man rest the hopes of a peaceful solution of the question as to what the future Government of France shall be. The fear is not only felt, but expressed, that the moment that shaking hand is removed from the helm, shipwreck will be imminent. The rival factions of Orléanists and Bourbonists, Republicans, Reds and Communists, stand glaring at each other, ready to rend and tear, restrained only by the presence of that dwarfish figure sitting in the Presidential chair, which it can by no means fill.

The fiery energy of Gambetta, which displayed itself conspicuously during the siege of Paris, has again forced him into action, and out of a quietude uncongenial to his nature.

For he is a storm-bird, and the breath of his life is agitation. He has again been stirring up the embers of the smothered fires still smoldering in the ever-revolutionary provinces of the South, and organizing for a new revolution, of which he hopes to be the Mirabeau. He professes no confidence in Thiers or the Republic, but counsels "earnest action." "If," he says, "since the fall of the Empire, the Republic has lapsed into the hands of its bitterest foes, it was because it was not prepared, and the Republicans, absorbed in ridding their country of the invader, forgot they were a great national party!"

This oversight he now proposes to repair by the selection of truly Republican (Red) Deputies.

"To-day," he exultingly exclaims, "the party of Republican Democrats is no longer a fraction of Public Opinion. It is France itself!"

These are brave words. But are they true? We fear not, and that M. Gambetta deceives himself as to the numbers and the power of the Republicans of France.

That whenever Thiers resigns in reality, and drops his barren sceptre, that there will be a struggle, is possible; but that it will end either in the restoration of the Bonapartes, or the establishment of a permanent Republic, we believe few save M. Gambetta now believe.

Yet, there is a significance in the movements and in the utterances of a man like Gambetta, which forbids our overlooking or disregarding them.

In his way, he is a power in France, as well as Thiers, and events may again bring him into prominence, as they did during the Siege, when he made his reputation.

CONUNDRUMS FOR THE CAMPAIGN.

WHY was it a necessity that Wilson, instead of Colfax, should be put on the ticket with Grant?—Because, with the alleged habits of the Presidential nominee, he must always have a cobbler by his side.

Why have the officeholders made a good selection of their candidates, and carried out their principles in making the nominations?—Because they have converted the Presidential canvass into a game of "Hide and Seek."

Why is Grant's "relative strength" put forward so strongly by his partisans?—Because no President ever did one hundredth part as much for his relations, or ever will again.

Why must Henry Wilson, in spite of his superior intelligence, be regarded as a more ignorant man even than General Grant?—Because his record proves him to have been much more of a Know Nothing.

In what has General Grant's piety chiefly consisted?—In his strenuous efforts to make his "calling and election sure."

THE Reform Revolution has gone too far to be affected by any knot, cabal or clique. Neither fraud, corruption nor force will avail to put back this patriotic and widespread political protest. He who reads the signs of the times feels in his own heart the force of our prediction. The nation is aroused, and it is bent on Reform and Union. And those who resist it will find their Waterloo in the Monumental City. Should Cincinnati be betrayed to-day, it will assuredly rise over the fallen trunks of its betrayers, under new leaders, and march on; for revolutions do not go backward. We know that there are genuine, honest old Bourbons who must die—as Cicero was slaughtered—in political delusion! There are old Democrats who vote for Andrew Jackson still. And old Whigs who will never cease to ballot for Henry Clay. These gentlemen won't rise and can't fall. They are like the croupiers at Ems, Homburg and Baden-Baden—the doomed men who keep the game of the gamblers there—who dole out only one chant, which is this refrain, viz.: "*Rien ne va plus*," which, being liberally interpreted, means, "Gentlemen, the game is closed! You can do nothing more!" Benedictions on the heads of these pious Bourbons; for they are incurable! They will learn to progress, no doubt, in another and better world, where, as we think, they will find Thomas Jefferson in advance of them.

MR. BANCROFT DAVIS, our agent in Geneva, complains bitterly of what he evidently regards as treason on the part of certain newspapers in this country which have given "aid and comfort" to the enemy, and encouraged Great Britain to make a "row" over the Alabama business. He says, in a letter to Mr. Fish:

"Some of the leading journals in America were controlled by British writers, whose articles in favor of England were quoted as evidences of American opinion, although American rights and interest, were of little account with persons of such hermaphrodite nationalities."

We know of no leading journal in America controlled by British writers. The only journal thus controlled is the New York Times, better known as "Grant's Own," whose editor is, we believe, an alien. Whatever it said about the Alabama Treaty, "nobody knows and nobody cares," at least, on this side of the Atlantic. If its maunderings are quoted abroad as evidences of American opinion, on any subject whatever, we insist its writers shall "exasperate their H-es" in print as well as in speech, so that their nationality "may be known of all men."

THE Revolution of to-day is neither against Grant as a man nor for Greeley as a man, nor yet has it the slightest reference to the Democratic Party as a party. It is a Liberal Reform Revolution, designed by an earnest people to carry out the principles of the new Declaration of Independence which was promulgated at Cincinnati. On this noble platform Mr. Greeley's Letter of Acceptance plants him so squarely, that no doubt can be entertained as to how he construes it. He is for unqualified Amnesty and Suffrage; for local State government under the Reconstruction Acts, as opposed to Grant's interpretation, which interpretation has been always to construe doubtful points, judiciously arising on the Enforcement Laws, in favor of the Federal as opposed to the State authority. Mr. Greeley's drift will be the other way. His Letter of Acceptance puts to rest all doubt on the one cardinal point of Reform. All honest Reformers must be satisfied with it.

COLONEL DONN PRATT and his paper, the *Capital*, published in Washington, should be suppressed. We do not wonder that General Grant and the rest of them have retreated from the "Capital" to Long Branch, and to a suburb thereof, for the sufficient reason that there they may not have the horrible refrain of "*The Capital*!" shouted in their ears by enterprising newsboys. The paper is "a thorn in the flesh" of the

Executive, his relatives, and his sycophants. The number of Congressional flies it has impaled, and the number of Executive retainers it has flayed, are beyond computation. It is the most audacious and original paper in the country. We hope to placate its reckless wit and merciless sarcasm by this "brief notice."

DR. BIRCH, of the British Museum, has just translated from the Chinese a short story, entitled the "Casket of Gems," which is of some interest, as shedding a light upon a class in China which somewhat resembles the *Hetairet* of ancient Greece. "Too-shih-neang," says Dr. Birch, "the beauty of Pekin, whose adventures form the basis of the present story, exhibits a character which, however morally reprehensible at the commencement, develops itself in the tenderness of female affection and the yearning of a heart after better things. The attraction to translate it was the extreme pathos of the story." Only a few copies of this have been printed, for private circulation.

A FRIEND, an old Democrat, in Frankfort, Ky., in reply to the question, "Do you go for Greeley?" answers, "Yes, and you may look for about 80,000 majority for him in Kentucky. * * Your party is doing more to elect Greeley than any two in the country."

LETTERS FROM JUNIUS.
No. XIV.

WILL DEMOCRATS SUPPORT GRANT?

THERE can be no greater nonsense than to say that Democrats will vote for Grant. It is to Democrats, as such, that the Grant Ring is an organized opposition. It is an opposition as widely opposed to the fundamental doctrines of the Democracy, as is a centralized Despotism to the most rigid Jeffersonian dogmas. The Democrats favor Local Self-government. The Grantites demand the purse and the sword, in the shape of Enforcement Bills, to enable the Federal authority to establish martial law over the States. To be sure, they failed to bully and worry Congress at its last session to extend such a law, but this failure of despotic ambition is due wholly to the pluck and persistence of the Democrats, helped by a few Liberal Republicans, who had caught the spirit of the Cincinnati Convention. The opposition to and hatred of the Democratic Party is the only bond—except plunder—which holds the Grant Ring together.

This fact is seen in all their political movements from 1868 to this hour. It is they who have unceasingly classed the Democrats as "enemies to the country," as "rebels," and as "torians." It was only when the Liberal Cincinnati Convention disclosed formidable strength that the Grant managers began the "honey-fugling" game a little with the Democracy. Then they promised a little, flattered a little, and went into market covert a little for purchasable Democrats; but, ever since the Voorheeses have been overslaughed, and the *Worlds* have been modified and spiked, and the Mathewses been wiled by the Greeley militia, things have taken the old turn. Now, the Democrats are the very Devil again! As soon as it was evident that Greeley must be nominated at Baltimore, then King Grant—speaking to a *Herald* reporter at Long Branch—said he was "glad of it." "That," said he, "is the very kind of a fight which I want. Now, I know who I am battling." And of course instantly the Grant Ring followed him, like the wheels of a wagon, or like one of his bull-pups. The New York Times—now degenerated into a scurvy pander to Grant, a fellow with a vile tongue that is ready either to lick Grant's boots like a sycophant, or to personally blackguard his fellow-journalists by Grant's order, according as he is set on—this *Times*, which had been theretofore quite deferential to the Democrats, instantly took up his master's cue, and denounced the Baltimore nomination of Greeley (in advance) as "a straight Democratic ticket." Senator Wilson has used the same language, but in the tone of a gentleman. Governor Morton growled out the same cry in a speech which he made at Pittsburgh. The honest and pure General Butler reiterated the same tactics. In short, now it is the party whoop, that, whatever action may be taken by Baltimore, it will be the "straight Democratic action—the action of Rebels, of Tories, of Copperheads."

In this way, then, the Grant Ring lead off in the grand fight before us. They plant themselves on the war issues. They appeal to the memories and hates of 1864 and 1868. They revive all the slanders which Senator Morton has issued against the Democracy since that Saturnine Hoosier Boar (as contrasted with the classic Venetian Boar) abandoned the Andrew Johnson policy, which he upheld until he found that the fight was getting hot, when he suddenly became as violent a Federalist as was ever Alexander Hamilton. For Senator Morton, during the early months of Andrew Johnson's term, was utterly opposed to indiscriminate negro suffrage, as well as to the Federal interference in the matter of State suffrage.

Thus it is that the Grant opposition to the Democracy is now an organized power, as fierce and relentless to-day against them, as false and as slanderous toward them, as it has ever been. It has the same hatred of every fundamental theory of the Government which Democrats revere as it has ever entertained. It goes before the nation with the battle-cry of "Down with the Tory and traitorous Democracy."

In the attitude of Horace Greeley toward the Democracy, all of this is changed. He has declared solemnly before all the world his determination to close the old party record, and open a new and wholly patriotic account, independent of all parties, and on which shall not be entered one letter which can recall the unpleasant and tragical Past. His party warfare ceased with the acceptance of Reconstruction by the South. Thenceforth he advanced into Liberal Republicanism, greatly in the spirit of the old Jeffersonian Republicanism, and on a platform which covers all the advanced doctrines of honest Democrats. For this reason it is that, in this campaign, Mr. Greeley has no party record, no party issues. He simply announces that all the guarantees of the war shall be maintained. That amnesty shall prevail. That the public credit shall be upheld. That Civil Service Reform shall begin by establishing the doctrine of a One Presidential Term. That—construed by the Amended Constitution—Local Self-

government shall resume its old sway. That the civil authority shall be paramount over irresponsible martial law. That in his Administration, if elected, the country, and not party, shall be represented.

It is thus that Mr. Greeley stands before the world in regard to the Democratic Party. His warfare with them, as a party, is over, because all the essential objects of his old campaigns have been achieved. And now he says to his former opponents: "Let us go on together, and reform the abuses which are fairly devouring the Government, at its root, in its sap, in every branch, leaf and growth of the old oak. Is it wise or profitable that we shall squabble longer about old names and prejudices, when such a work appeals to us?" Manifestly, this position of Horace Greeley toward the Democracy is very different from that of Grant and his Ring!

And unless we adopt the Cincinnati Platform, pray tell me how is the country to get on? If we can never unite—for the sapient reason that heretofore we have been divided!—when shall we look for union? when and how can we hope to become one people? After the troubles in Kansas, party intensified, until its conflicts resulted in war. Hence, every active man now on the stage has been either a "Black Republican," or a "Rebel," or a "Copperhead," or a "Tory," as the case may be. Shall we therefore stand still and make faces at each other for ever like idiots or schoolboys, while the Grant Ring, giving us the shells, swallow what remains of the oyster? Or, to be serious, are we to quarrel over the shadow, and bandy slang, long after the substance has departed?

He who loves his party as a Democrat cannot vote for the Grant Ring, who are organized against that party as its objective point. He who would restore local government cannot vote for the men who favor armed Federal authority over the States. He who would preserve the local organizations of his party must sustain the Cincinnati ticket. He who desires to see the nation restored and well governed will not indorse an Administration whose whole policy has been to rive the sections further than ever asunder, and to bungle every interest of statesmanship, at home and abroad, until Discord, Ruin and Contempt absolutely stare us in the face.

In such a crisis as this, Principles tower above men and above prejudices. The great issue upon us is that of a Present, which has really no root in the past. Does not the intelligent reader perceive, after a moment's reflection, that the war closed the old volume and opened a new one? When Secession exploded with Slavery, the grave sectional features which grew out of constitutional interpretation, were arbitrated by the artillery. Now a new nation is to be made and built up on the broad and firm foundation of the Amended Constitution. A military usurpation declares that these constitutional amendments have virtually taken away the qualified sovereignty of the States. It asserts a war policy perpetually. It claims war powers by force of habit for personal ends, wantonly, as a personal and party right. Against this dangerous innovation Mr. Greeley protests, and it is here that the Liberals are at issue with King Grant. And this is the grand issue which forces the voter who is not in favor of the military usurpation into a zealous effort of opposition to Grant, which is the support of Horace Greeley. This is the only alternative for such voter, and a safe and noble alternative it is. Things cannot go on as they did before! We are either to restore the States, or to stand by and give a helping hand while the Federal authority absorbs them.

In the popular song of "The Cork Leg," we are told that long after the proportions of the defunct burgher were reduced to a skeleton—

"The Leg kept on the same as before."

Are the Democrats no wiser than was that Cork Leg? Or will they accept the certainty which must follow of absolute Conservative rule, when Mr. Greeley shall have finished his Liberal term of four years?

JUNIUS.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

CINCINNATI, O., has a new opera-house.

MRS. MACREADY is now playing "Richelieu."

AMY SEDGEWICK will visit America next Fall.

MAGGIE MITCHELL's acting disappointed the San Franciscans.

DALY has leased the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

MRS. FLORENCE is to spend a year in Milan, in the study of music.

THE beautiful daughter of Ristori possesses great dramatic abilities.

OLIVER DOUD BYRON has been playing successfully at St. Johns, N. B.

"LITTLE MAC" draws great applause in "Schneider," at the Olympic.

AT Wood's Museum, "Escaped from Sing Sing" is the reigning attraction.

THE Holiday Street Theatre, Baltimore, is the oldest Theatre in the United States.

EDWIN BOOTH begins his thirteen weeks' tour through New England, at Norwich, Conn.

MRS. JAMES A. OATES's engagement came to a close last week, at the Union Square Theatre.

RUBENSTEIN's opera of "Paradise Lost" was recently brought out in Vienna and enthusiastically received.

It is reported that Mrs. Moulton will sing in opera, under the management of Strakosch, next season.

MR. SOTHERN has gone to London expressly to give a benefit performance for the General Theatrical Fund.

VERDI's "Alda" will not be heard in Paris until September, when the *maestro* himself is expected to come thither.

OFFENBACH's "Perichole" is to be brought out as a great novelty in Paris, with a new rôle written for Schneider.

PAULINE LUCCA has refused to enter into an engagement in Berlin, because, she says, when there her husband gambles away her money.

FOR the first time in many years a play, a three-act comedy, has been put upon a Paris stage without announcing to the audience the name of the author.

"SHAKESPEARE" is the title of a new ballet at the Theatre Regio in Torino. The bard of Avon dances so well as to divide the applause with the *distinta danzatrice*.

A WESTERN critic, referring to "Macbeth," remarks that, despite the grandeur of the production, the mental effort required to follow the course of bloody events is too great to be often endured.

"NOBODY FOR GREELEY."

EX-GOVERNOR ANDREW G. CURTIN, of Pennsylvania, Minister of the United States to Russia, forwarded his resignation to the State Department, at Washington, about five months ago. For reasons best known to the Grant Administration the fact has been kept a secret. Governor Curtin, not wishing longer to represent such an Administration, has turned over the Legation to the Secretary, Mr. Eugene Schuyler, who will act as *Chargé d'Affaires ad interim*. The Governor, accompanied by the late Secretary of Legation at Russia, Mr. Coffey, formerly Assistant United States Attorney-General, is in Berlin, on his way home. He expects to arrive in this country about the 1st of August. A grand reception awaits him in Philadelphia, to be given under the auspices of the Liberal Republicans of Pennsylvania. Governor Curtin pronounced for the Liberal movement as long ago as when he forwarded his resignation, which places him in the front rank of the leaders in the Liberal army. He will stump Pennsylvania for Buckalew for Governor and Greeley for President.

ASSOCIATE JUSTICE DAVID DAVIS, of the Supreme Court of the United States, declines to continue as a candidate for the Presidency on the Workingmen's ticket, and, as in honor bound, yields the field to "the distinguished citizen of New York," Horace Greeley. David Davis was the esteemed and confidential friend and legal adviser of Abraham Lincoln.

ASSOCIATE JUSTICE NELSON, of New York, of the United States Supreme Court, is for Greeley.

ASSOCIATE JUSTICE FIELD, of California, of the same court, is for Greeley.

ASSOCIATE JUSTICE CLIFFORD, of Maine, of the same court, is for Greeley.

ASSOCIATE JUSTICE SWAYNE, of Ohio, of the same court, is for Greeley.

CHIEF JUSTICE CHASE, of the United States Supreme Court, another candidate for the Presidency (Republican and Democratic), bows to the will of the people, and declares for Horace Greeley for President. Mr. Chase was President Lincoln's Secretary of the Treasury.

LYMAN TRUMBULL, U. S. Senator of Illinois, another (Republican) candidate for the Presidency, is canvassing the country for Horace Greeley.

GENERAL COX, of Ohio, late member of Grant's cabinet, another (Republican) candidate for President, is supporting the Liberal movement and Horace Greeley.

GOVERNOR B. GRATZ BROWN, of Missouri, one of the founders of the Republican Party, and present Liberal Governor of the same State, another (Liberal) candidate for the Presidency, favors Horace Greeley's election.

CHARLES SUMNER, Senator of Massachusetts, the great American Statesman, who was the chief founder of the Republican Party, another (Republican) candidate for the Presidency, contributes the whole of his gigantic powers to the support of the Liberal cause and the election of Horace Greeley.

GENERAL JOHN CHARLES FREMONT, of Missouri, another (Republican) candidate for the Presidency, pronounces for Horace Greeley for President.

GENERAL GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN, of New Jersey, another (Democratic) candidate for the Presidency, is for Horace Greeley for President.

GEORGE H. PENDLETON, of Ohio, another (Democratic) candidate for the Presidency, is one of the most active and earnest workers for Horace Greeley for President.

HORATIO SEYMOUR, another (Democratic) candidate for the Presidency, is for Horace Greeley for that office.

HON. GALUSHA A. GROW, of Pennsylvania, Ex-Speaker of the United States House of Representatives, and Chairman of the State Republican Committee of Pennsylvania in 1868, has pronounced for the Liberal movement, and supports Greeley and Brown. To the liberal management by Mr. Grow of the State campaign in Pennsylvania that year, as Chairman of the State Committee, he contributed largely toward securing the election of Grant in November. Mr. Grow was one of the founders of the Republican Party, and during the darkest hours of its heated contests with the slave power he proved one of its boldest and bravest exponents and defenders.

EX-UNITED STATES SENATOR HENDRICKS, of Indiana, the present Democratic and Liberal candidate for Governor of that State, a candidate for the Presidency himself, supports Horace Greeley.

CALEB CUSHING, the great American, versed in the arts of government, learned in law and unsurpassingly skilled in politics, formerly Attorney-General of the United States, is for Horace Greeley for President.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, American Arbitrator at Geneva, Liberal candidate for the Presidency at Cincinnati of those who made the Platform, as in honor bound, like David Davis, is in favor of Horace Greeley.

EX-PRESIDENT MILLARD FILLMORE, of New York, is for Horace Greeley.

GENERAL AND GOVERNOR PALMER, of Illinois, another Liberal Republican candidate for the Presidency, is in favor of Horace Greeley's election.

A. H. RANDALL, of Wisconsin, Ex-Postmaster-General, is for Horace Greeley.

HON. F. A. CONKLING, of New York, brother of Senator Roscoe Conkling, denounces Grant's administration, and proclaims that he will support Horace Greeley for President.

GENERAL FITZ HENRY WARREN, of Iowa, Ex-Assistant Paymaster-General is for Horace Greeley's election.

EX-ACTING VICE-PRESIDENT LAFAYETTE S. FOSTER, of Connecticut (Republican), and present Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of that State, is for Horace Greeley's election.

EX-U. S. ATTORNEY GENERAL STANBURY, of Kentucky, is earnestly advocating the election of Horace Greeley.

EX-U. S. SENATOR DIXON, of Connecticut, is for Greeley.

EX-CONGRESSMAN RICE, of Maine, is for Greeley.

MONTGOMERY BLAIR, President Lincoln's Postmaster-General, is for Greeley.

EX-SENATOR CARLISLE, of Virginia, is for Greeley.

GENERAL CASSIUS M. CLAY, of Kentucky, is for Greeley.

GOVERNOR WALKER, of Virginia (Liberal), is for Greeley.

UNITED STATES SENATOR TIPTON, of Nebraska, is for Greeley.

HON. A. H. STEPHENS, of Georgia, is for Greeley.

HON. JOHN FORSYTH, of Alabama, is for Greeley.

GOVERNOR WARMOTH, of Louisiana, is for Greeley.

EX-GOVERNOR BLAIR, of Michigan, is for Greeley.

LEONARD SWEET, of Illinois, the friend and supporter of Mr. Lincoln, is for Horace Greeley.

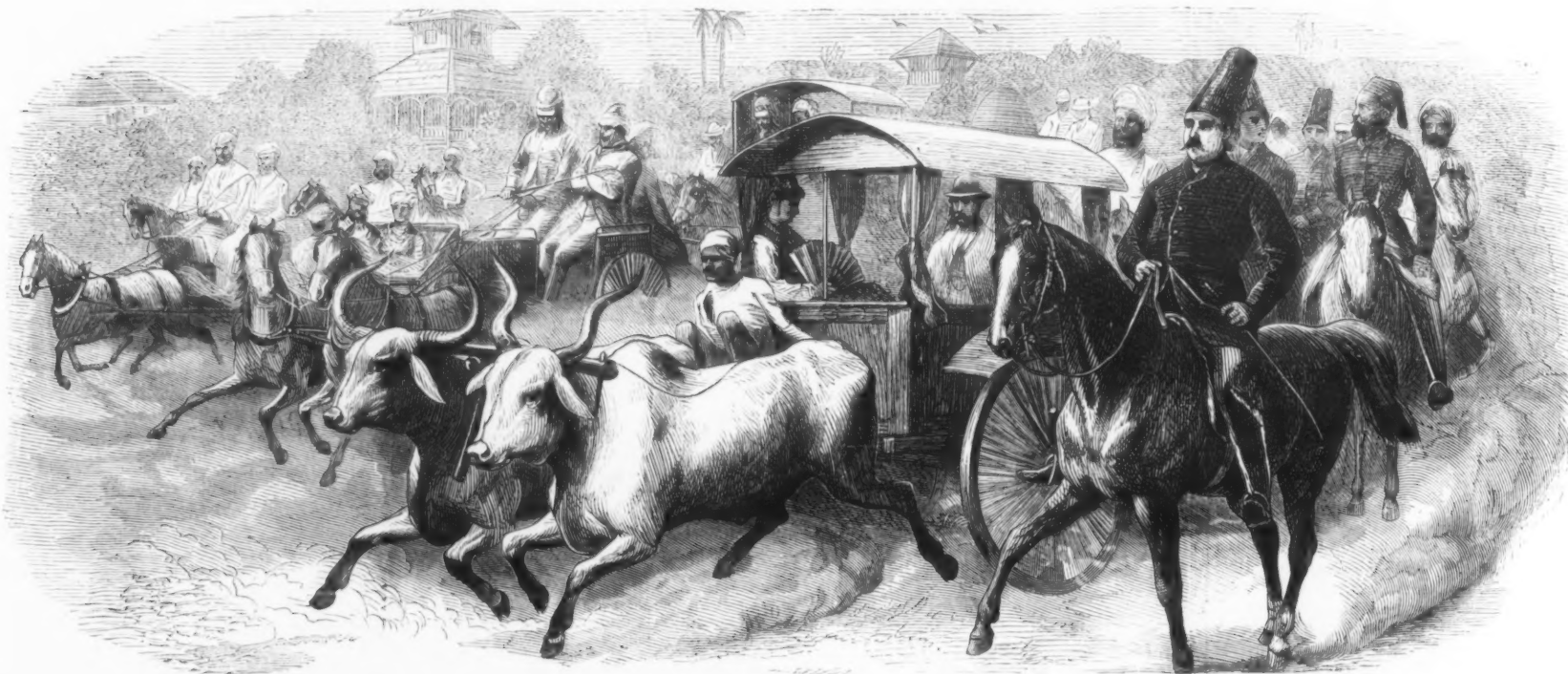
CONGRESSMAN KERR, of Indiana, is for Greeley.

GENERAL WILLIAM S. SCHOUER, of Massachusetts, Adjutant-General of that State under Governor Andrew, supports Horace Greeley.

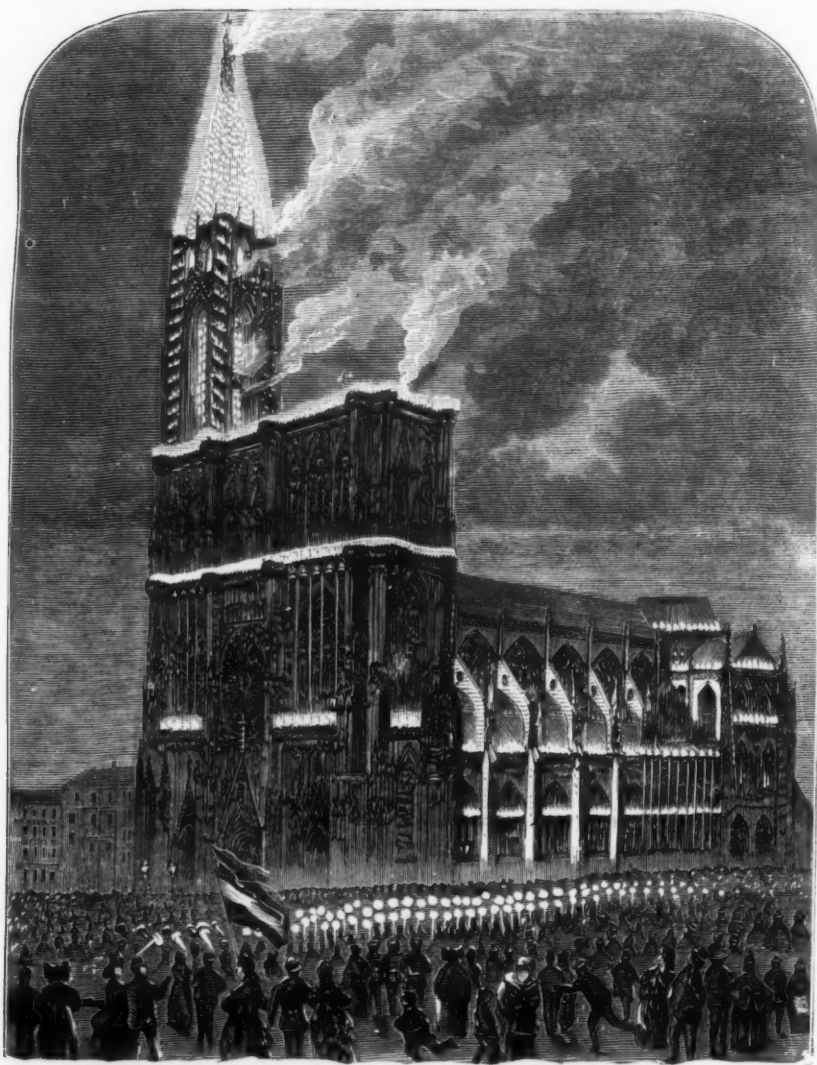
HON. MOSES KIMBALL, one of the founders of Republicanism, and one of its most liberal supporters, is for Greeley.

HON. MR. GROESBECK, of Ohio—not a candidate of the "bolters of the Fifth Avenue Conference," but a worthy candidate of the Democracy—stands aside himself and goes for Horace Greeley.

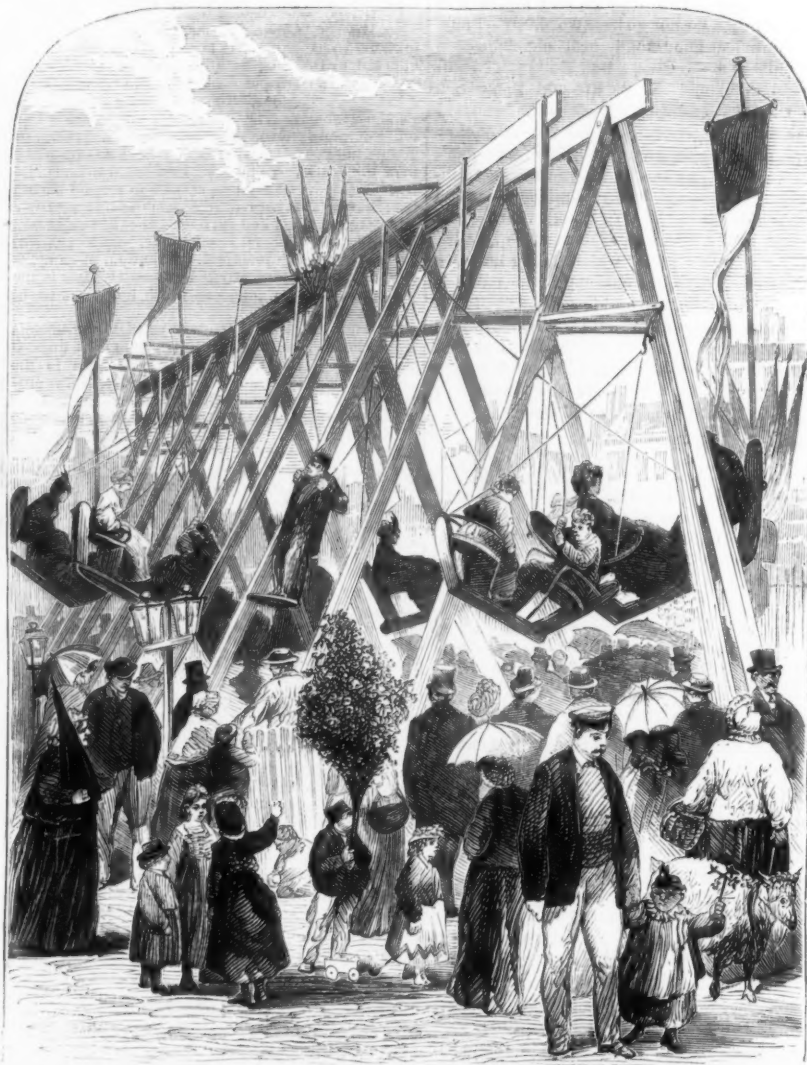
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 273.



INDIA.—GOING TO THE RACES—AN UP-COUNTRY SCENE.



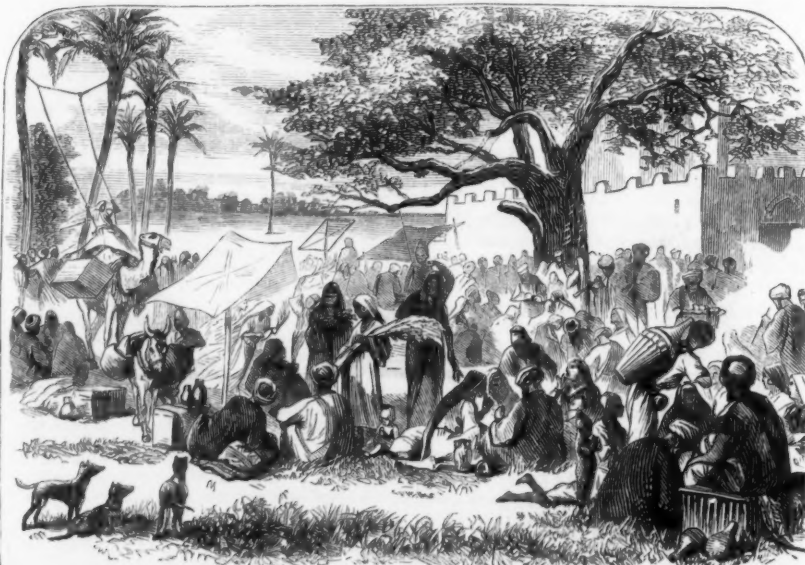
GERMANY.—ILLUMINATION OF STRASBOURG CATHEDRAL, ON THE OCCASION OF THE OPENING OF THE UNIVERSITY.



FRANCE.—SPORTS OF THE PARISIANS—CITIZENS OF THE VILLAGE OF MALAKOFF, WITHIN THE LINE OF THE FORTIFICATIONS.



PERSIA.—INCIDENTS OF THE FAMINE—BOYS IN THE ORPHANAGE AT SHIRAZ.



EGYPT.—THE CEREMONY OF CHAM-EL-NESIM.

OUR HOMELESS POOR.

THE principal feature of the Homeless Poor, which we resume this week, is taken from the lodging-house of Mrs. Hurley. While one of our party was conversing with a little sharp-eyed woman, who seemed rather better off than the general herd of females crowded into the lower room of the house, she happened to look into an opening under the stairs, and instantly signaled the artist to advance, where he saw a picture that Murillo could not have arranged better.

LITTLE MAGGIE EATING HER SUPPER.

The recess under the stairs was half choked up with old clothes, fragments of old boxes, baskets, boots, shoes, and all the repulsive litter which the poverty-stricken of a great city gather from the streets or manage to keep from the pawnbroker. But just in the opening a small space was cleared, and in it sat a bright little girl, who called herself "Maggie," with limbs slender as a grayhound's and eyes like a gipsy's: black as coal and bright as fire.

It was impossible to say what garments the little thing wore, for an old gray woolen shawl was wrapped over her and pinned in folds, toga-fashion, near her left shoulder, more picturesquely than an artist would have arranged it.

The child was preparing to make her midnight supper in this secluded hole, with no companion save her own thoughts, her table being a couple of bare boards placed upon two old boxes placed upright. On this table lay a pig's foot and a boiled carrot, which Maggie had arranged with great precision. The child dropped her hand, which held a bit of carrot she had been devouring, and lifted her great black eyes to the intruders, which asked as plain as eyes could speak what on earth they wanted of her. Meantime the lady began to converse with the child while the artist was busily taking her portrait as she sat.

A little, weird woman, whose face bespoke

her relationship to the wild thing, came up and began to explain: "It is my own daughter, ma'am, just taking her bit of supper in comfort all by herself, you see."

"Yes, I understand; a bright little girl. What do you intend to do with her?"

"What are you going to do, Maggie? tell the lady," said the mother, evidently proud of her

child, whose little brown face lighted up like a flash.

"I'm going to learn a trade, sure, and earn my own living, I am," answered Maggie, in a sweet, ringing voice, that sounded strangely in that dreary place.

"Have you learned to read, Maggie?"

"Just a little bit, like mother; but I mean to learn reading, too; don't I, mother?"

"Of course she will," answered the mother. "There ain't many smarter girls to be found than my Maggie."

"What does she do now?" inquired the lady.

"Oh, almost anything that comes along," answered the mother, evasively, while Maggie glanced her eyes at an old willow-basket, almost large enough to have been her cradle, which protruded from the pile of trash crowded into the recess behind her, and dropped them again.

After this, the hungry child fell to devouring her pig's foot with ravenous appetite; then, leaving the artist to complete his sketch, the rest of the party proceeded upstairs.

In that light, and so surrounded, it was impossible for the artist to take more than a spirited outline; but, a day or two after, little Maggie was sent for, and sat for her picture, which was an event of great importance in her lonely life. But, even in the lower depths through which our researchers lay, where it seemed impossible that female vanity could enter, it was made annoyingly evident in the appearance of the little girl. She no longer wore the picturesque old shawl; her hair had been smoothed out; her face was washed clean. The poor thing had done her best to appear respectable, and the inmates of that crowded house had, evidently, contributed fragments of their poor wardrobes to help the general effect. No belle, in trained garments and jewels, ever seemed more anxious to give sumptuous effect to her picture than this bright little waif of the lodging-house.



LITTLE MAGGIE AT SUPPER IN HER DEN UNDER THE STAIRS.



THE ORPHAN CHILD AND HER FOSTER-MOTHER.



THE BOX-AND-LOG BEDSTEAD.

ing to look nice. In her own roost, under the stairs, Maggie had been free and easy as a bird; but in the artist's room, she attempted to put on good manners with her improved dress. Thus all that had been bright, graceful and picturesque in the little creature was tamed down, and she seemed afraid to speak. Evidently the great dignity of the occasion oppressed the child.

THE BOX-AND-LOG BED.

In another lodging-house in this neighborhood, where men alone were taken, we found a strange substitute for a bedstead and a bolster. Between two rickety beds a packing-box was crowded, and across it lay a log of wood, with the bark on, which supported the head of an old man whose resting-place it would be for that night.

The only light in the room came from a dirty oil-lamp. Its sickly flame served to intensify the squalid surroundings, and fell with a weird effect on the old man's head and tattered covering. We did not attempt to break his rest with questions; but there was something in his face that impelled one of our party to seek some information regarding him from the mistress of the house.

Three years ago he was earning a respectable living, with a kind and good wife and two grown daughters. The mother was prostrated by a severe and lingering illness. While she was recovering, her physician, in an evil hour, ordered her to drink some strong stimulant before each meal. She was weak—her mind and body were both enfeebled by long illness. The stimulant gave her temporary strength, and soon became a necessity. In less than a year this woman, who had been a good wife and mother, was a confirmed drunkard.

The unfortunate husband soon learned to seek consolation from the source that had degraded his wife. He neglected his business, and allowed certain ruin to steal upon him. Old customers deserted his store, his credit was lost, his place of business stripped piecemeal for the household needs. The two daughters deserted their home, the mother died, and there, pillowed on that rough log of wood, lay this old man.

As he sleeps, or tries to sleep, a look of settled despair stamps on his features. Is it wonderful? If he attains, by any means, a little money during the day, it is seldom more than enough to give him a crust of bread and this miserable resting-place. The basement where we found him is sure to be the best home he will ever have on this side of the grave.

THE ORPHAN CHILD.

Even here, where poverty would seem to have exhausted human sympathy, kindness and charity are not unknown. Indeed, the goodness of the poor to each other prevails in these degraded places perhaps as much. If not more, than it does in the upper classes, where the need of help is scarcely known.

On one bed, during our nocturnal visits, we found two females, with a pale, bright-eyed child between them, whom they seemed to care for and regard with great tenderness.

The little creature belonged to neither of them, though one had taught it to call her mother, and performed, so far as she could, a mother's duty to it. The real mother was dead, and, in the sisterhood of poverty, had been a friend to the kind-hearted creature who had adopted this child. She was willing, she said, "to work for it, beg for it, or do anything rather than have it go up yonder among the children on the island. She had promised to take care of it, and she would so long as she could scrub a floor or get a day's washing. She was bound to be a mother to the little fellow for want of a better, and he was a wonderful comfort to her—that he was."

After all, the bright side of human nature is not always where the flowers bloom and the gold shines.

Of course, during our explorations in the poverty-stricken depths of this great city, we have not only gathered up facts, but reflected earnestly on the best means of ameliorating the condition of our homeless poor. In this we have received much information and many valuable suggestions from Dr. Raborg, whose profession, and generous interest in the poor, have given him superior opportunities for observation, and time for mature thought. As Police Physician he has done much in his own person, and given the subject long and careful consideration; for this reason his opinions in most respects we have adopted.

There would be something like cruelty in presenting the scenes of distress we have given to the public, if no deeper object than the excitement of public sympathy were intended. We have laid bare the scenes to be found in our station-houses and lodging-houses, because, we intend that they shall be done away with by State legislation or public charity. Fearful as is the destitution and misery that we have portrayed, it has, so far as possible, been confined to the honest poor alone. The poverty that springs from repulsive vice has been carefully avoided.

The Greeks in the Levant have hit on a new mode of converting Jews. One of the stale old fables had been revived there to the effect that a Christian child had been killed lately by Jews, so as to mix its blood with their bread at the Passover. The spread of this tale incited the neighboring Greeks with a fine spirit of proselytism, so they began by seizing an unhappy Polish Jew, smearing his hair and beard with tar, and then setting it on fire. This conclusive argument was followed up by others equally cogent and humane; those of the proscribed faith were tortured in every direction, and at last the miserable Hebrews sought and obtained shelter in the houses of the Mohammedans. It is a mournful thing to see and to say, but many of the countrymen of Leonidas are leaving no stone unturned to gain for themselves the contempt of mankind.

SOLITUDE.

Oh, it is sweet to leave the crowded town,
And all the hum and noise of Labor's wheel,
And on the mountain's sunny brow to feel
The breath of morning from the ocean blown;
To be amid the eternal hills alone
In fellowship with Nature, whose glad voice
Makes all the pulses of the heart rejoice;
To hear a music in the softest tone
Of the Summer wind. It warms the blood anew
To gaze upon the rugged majesty
Enthroned amid the hills, whereon the dew
Glistens in myriad jewels to the eye,
And, far above, the fair unclouded blue
Lifts up the spirit to those regions high.

JOHNSON'S FOLLY.

A TALE OF THE FRONTIER.

NEARLY thirty years have elapsed since the events I am about to relate occurred, and yet my remembrance of the details of the narrative is as distinct as if the terrible scenes through which I passed had taken place but yesterday, so vividly were they impressed on my youthful mind.

Some time in the Winter of 1840, my father, Eben Johnson, emigrated in company with four other families to what was then a Territory, now the State of Kansas. The emigration association consisted of my father and mother, my elder brother, Thomas, my two sisters, Annie and Mary, an adopted brother, Eliphalet, familiarly known to all as Liph; the Willis family, the Montanas, the Starbuck, and old Hanks (as our boys used to call him), his two sons and daughter—all agriculturists. Besides these families, there were several artisans—a blacksmith, wheelwright, carpenter, a physician, and some young men from Buffalo, with the usual complement of wagoners and guides.

I was then eight years old. I remember it was Winter, from the fact that our wagons were frequently stopped by snow-drifts. We had in our train fifteen wagons—three wagons to each family—each vehicle drawn by six oxen; there were, besides, two spare oxen allowed to every wagon. There were also in our party five young men on horseback, each of whom brought with him two led horses for future service, all of them carrying packs proportionate in size and weight to the strength of the respective animals.

The wagons were, of course, packed with such wares, provisions and utensils as were necessary for use in the new country to which we were wending our way. The settlers, except in very bad weather, walked either in front or rear of the wagons, with the exception of the old women and children, and such of the emigrants as were taken sick by the way. There were in our party, as I said before, five families; they, with the young men who had joined us after starting, made up our numbers to sixty-three people. Of this number, sixteen were women and ten children. My father, who had planned the expedition, was what is called a well-to-do farmer in Indiana, and the families who joined him were all pretty much of the same class; having sold their farms, they converted the proceeds into such articles as were required on the frontier, and such trinkets as would prove attractive in exchanging with the Indians for furs, skins and other things. We proceeded at the rate of about ten miles a day, although sometimes, in good weather, we traveled fifteen. This, however, was generally more than the women could walk. At night the wagons were parked, and the oxen and horses picketed; the fires were lighted, and a regular guard detailed to keep a lookout for the wild tribes of Indians who occasionally were seen on our trail.

We were thoroughly armed and equipped, every man provided with two rifles, a brace of pistols, and a long knife; even the boys carried a rifle. By day we amused ourselves on the march in doing a little hunting after buffalo and antelope; but this was only when the train halted for several hours, as they did once in each day. Our destination was a point on the prairie about sixty miles southwest from Fort Leavenworth, and on the edge of a belt of wooded country which bordered the Kansas River, now the fertile region in the heart of which the city of Topeka has lately reared its spires to the sky, and from whose workshops and factories the smoke curls up lazily in the clear atmosphere of the prairie-land.

Three weary months were passed from the time we left Indianapolis (where we fitted out) until we reached our destination. Arriving at our journey's end, after a careful examination and survey of the country, the ground on which we agreed to settle was parceled out among the different families, and axes were soon brought into requisition, timber felled, and in a few days a dozen or more log-cabins were erected, and the settlement, as it had now become, was beginning to put on quite a business-like appearance. Let it not be understood that the log-houses of the settlers were near to each other; on the contrary, each settler built on the land assigned to him by the association, locating his cabin in the centre of a plot of from one to two hundred acres, or as much as he thought he could cultivate. This arrangement brought our cabins at least a mile apart from each other; it would have been better, as the result will show, if they had been nearer together.

Four years had elapsed; the cabins were all built with stockades, to protect us from sudden attacks of the Indians; the farms were all in a high state of cultivation; settlers had been arriving and filling up the nearest town, which was about fifty miles distant, and we lived in comparative security. Trading with the Indians had been carried on extensively, and my father's wisdom in the selection of the site, near the confluence of the Kansas and Missouri Rivers, was acknowledged by all, as furs and

skins were brought down in great quantities by the red men in their canoes.

I think it was the Spring of 1844 or 1845, if I recollect rightly, my father had built an addition to his house, which consisted of a second or upper story, and as this was rather an innovation on the prevailing style of architecture of the settlement, it was shortly designated as Johnson's Folly. Whether this act of my father's was one of wisdom or the contrary we shall see. I say I think it was 1845, for I am very sure we had just heard of the election of Polk. For several months previous there had been occasional marauding parties from a new tribe, the Arapahoes, who had lately made their appearance, but they were friendly to our allies, the Blackfeet, and we apprehended no serious trouble; still, there was uneasiness felt in the settlement, and the Indians who had come to live among us shared the anxiety. It was not considered safe to be away from home after nightfall. My eldest brother—at least I call him such, though he was really but an adopted son, whose name was Eliphalet Busch—Liph was in the habit of visiting at the Hanks cabin. Old Hanks had a beautiful daughter named Amanda. She was a perfect picture; her features were regular, her eyes deep hazel, her hands small and delicate, and, as her old father said of her feet, "they were too small to be stood upon much;" her hair was a dark, rich brown, with a golden tinge through it. I never saw a sweeter girl. I don't wonder Liph was deep in love with her. He was a noble fellow, and deserved a good girl, and father used to say "it was a pity Liph was not born a prince, for he was noble enough to be one." Indeed, some thought he did come of gentle blood. No one ever knew his father or mother; they were lost in the surf, with a whole ship's crew, trying to land from a wreck on the coast of Virginia, and Liph was the only one saved. He was brought up till he was seven years old by a man named Busch, who had him christened, and gave him his own name, Eliphalet. When Busch died, father adopted Liph. Everybody loved him.

On our way out, he would carry Bill Starbuck's baby in his arms for miles, when the jolting of the wagon would make the little thing fretful; he was always sacrificing his own comfort for that of other people. But I am getting away from my story. Liph had gone over to the Hanks' one evening; it was a dark, threatening night; a light, drizzling rain had fallen early in the day, and now a raw, piercing wind was sweeping over the prairie; it came in fitful gusts, and died away in a dismal moan. A great log-fire filled the clay fireplace, which blazed up now and then, and shot out bright gleams across the planks of our little cabin. It was cheerful enough within; mother sat by the fire knitting, and father was reading by the light of a tallow candle some old newspapers, about six months old, which he had got the last time he had ridden over to the nearest army post, Fort Leavenworth. My brother Tom lay on a buffalo-skin in the corner, fast asleep. My sister Annie was busy with the hired girl in the other room washing up the plates, while May and Susie were sound asleep up-stairs in their little beds, which Liph had made for them out of red cedar wood. There was a ladder only to mount to the second story, and though mother had often teased father and Liph to build her a stairs such as she had always been accustomed to, father was obstinate, and seemed to have some reason of his own (though he never expressed any) for not acceding to mother's desire. Old Nero, my father's pointer dog, lay before the fire, occasionally growling in his dreams. Over the fireplace, on two wooden brackets, my father's rifle was laid, for the day; the charges had not been drawn; he and Tom had been hunting deer, and had come home after a fruitless search. Suddenly old Nero jumped up with a howl, and ran to the door, putting his nose close down to the floor, scenting something without and growling incessantly.

As I said before, a high stockade surrounded our inclosure. The gate was left unfastened until Liph came home. As we all sat listening, a low sound, as of the opening of the stockade-gate, was heard, and presently a knock at the door. It was a very unusual thing; no one ever came near the cabin at this hour. My father rose to open the door. "Don't do it, Eben," mother said; but father stalked across the room, and, gathering himself up to his full height, drew the latch and swung the door wide open. The light of the fire streamed out upon the dark, crouching form of a half-breed, who had always been looked upon with distrust by the settlers, but who made himself useful in various ways.

My father's astonishment upon seeing him at this hour did not in the least disconcert him. He said he had run out of powder, and, as the store was fifteen miles off, and he wanted to go hunting the following day, he had called to borrow some powder and shot, if my father could spare any. My father cautiously replied that "he could not spare much," but let the fellow have some. He thanked him, and left. My father walked out with him to the gate of the stockade, leaving the door open. I heard distinctly the clattering of a horse's hoof over the hard ground. My mother, whose hearing was impaired, did not observe this.

When my father returned, my mother asked what he thought of the half-breed's visit. She was much alarmed, and insisted that it boded no good. My father laughed, but when he approached the candle again to take up his paper, I observed his countenance was deadly pale. What could he have seen when he went out to the gate of the inclosure?

My father was a brave, strong-hearted man. My mother presently went to bed—she slept in a room adjoining the main sitting-room. About nine o'clock the gate of the stockade swung open loudly, and my brother Liph came walking up the pathway, and hammered a loud knock on the door, which echoed back from the corner of the stockade; but as Liph

came in, I thought he was not as cheery as usual. Father took him aside and asked him if he had seen anything. Liph said he had: a man riding a white horse very rapidly, just after he left Hanks's house.

"Then," says my father, "there is something wrong, for the fellow who rode past the stockade an hour since was on a black horse." Then my father called me to him, and said: "Stevie, you are not afraid of anything, are you?" I said I supposed not. "Well," said my father, "I've a mind to send you over to Hanks's cabin for some powder. I would not let that half-breed rascal know how little I had, but I have nearly run out, and we may want all we can get before morning."

So I started for Hanks'. At the gate, my father said: "Stevie, be careful how you go; the reason why I send you is, they will not notice you, as you are small; if Tom, or Liph, or I should go, we could not hide as well as you. I fear there are some bad Indians about. Keep close along the timber; don't show yourself in the open prairie at all. Keep your eyes about you. Get all the powder Hanks can spare. Hurry back before the moon rises."

I reached Hanks's in safety, saw nothing, told him what father thought, got all the ammunition I could carry, and started back; but I had not proceeded far before I saw half a dozen Indians riding on the prairie. They were going at the top of their horses' speed in the direction of our house.

My father let me in; we closed and barred the gate, then we closed the door and barred it, as usual. Father then examined the heavy shutters; they were all tight. Then, said he: "Boys, wake up Tom. We must get to work and load every rifle and pistol in the house." I woke up Tom. After we got through loading, my father made me lie down, and he lay down himself. Liph said he would keep watch.

The clock kept ticking away, as though nothing unusual was at hand, and father, seeing the hands pointed to two, said he thought it was a false alarm, and turned over and fell asleep.

It seemed to me I had been asleep only a few minutes, when Nero sprang up, and gave a loud bark that brought us all to our feet. Father had his rifle in hand instantly. We listened, not a sound—the dog with his nose to the sill kept up a low growl. Father and Liph talked in an undertone, then they unbarred the door, and Liph stalked out into the gloom. He walked to the stockade, and raising himself up on a barrel, looked cautiously over the top.

He then crossed the inclosure, and getting up on a log, looked over on the other side. Then he called to my father and Tom, and they ran out with their rifles. My mother had been awakened, and also my sisters, and they came running into the sitting-room, all very much excited. When mother heard what was the matter—that my father was afraid the hostile tribe of Indians, the Arapahoes, were about—she took from a corner a rifle, and handed it to my sister Annie. Then she called in the hired girl, but she cried and shook so she could not hold the gun.

Presently father called to me to come to him. I ran out, and mother and sister Annie, too, each with rifles, loaded and cocked. And father said:

"There they are. Do you see them, just coming from the belt of wood?"

The moon was partially under clouds, but there was light enough to see about a dozen crouching forms coming through the high grass toward the stockade.

"Now, all draw your rifles on the rascals, but don't fire till I give the word, and then all together."

The Indians came on, noiselessly, fearlessly; they did not suppose they were discovered. We waited for them until they came within twenty yards of the stockade, when father gave the order to fire. We must have knocked over fully half of them. The rest lay still for a while, and then rose of a sudden and ran back to the belt of woods.

"Thank God! those fellows are out of the way," said my father; "they didn't expect so warm a reception. But, load up your rifles till we see, and you, Stevie, go round the cabin and look out behind the house, and find out if they are to be seen there."

I did so. What was my astonishment when I saw at least twenty of them coming right down toward the stockade, and at the same moment a large band of them swarmed out of the woods and came running across the prairie, firing as they advanced.

My father saw there was no time to be lost. "Back to the house, quick, for your lives!" he shouted.

In we all rushed; the door was barred and barricaded; tables and chairs were placed against it.

"Now, up the ladder, all of you!" said my father.

He was the last to come up, bringing with him all the extra guns, powder-flasks and shot-pouches.

Father ordered the upper shutters to be thrown open. Then he drew up the ladder and let the trap down, and then pulled a bedstead over it. He pulled off the mattress and stuffed it in the window; then he got all the bags of meal he could find, and, with our assistance, piled them up against the window, leaving a narrow place in the centre, through which we could fire.

It was not long before we saw the wisdom of these preparations, for the Indians had now cleared the stockade and surrounded the house, and soon the terrible crashing of glass announced to us their intention of killing us all. They fired two volleys through the windows of the lower story, where they supposed us to be, and then bursting in the doors, discovered that they had not harmed us. But, with cries of vengeance, they prepared a more terrible fate for us than their bullets ever could have accomplished.

Again a hailstorm of balls poured in through

the window, but father had ordered us all to lie down flat, and we obeyed. By-and-by father got up, and, holding a mattress doubled up in front of him, peered out at the side.

"My God!" he said, "Hanks's house is in flames!" and he came back from the window. With that up sprang Liph like a tiger, and rushed to the window. He would have thrown himself out but for father, who caught him and dragged him back by main force; and, after struggling again and again with father, Liph fell back on the floor, with his hands to his head.

Then we heard a crackling sound underneath, and the wild cries of the savages broke out with renewed vigor, and several shots were fired upward, from below, but the bullets only thumped hard against the yellow oak flooring—they did not penetrate. Soon we perceived strong fumes of smoke, and it seemed to rise from without, and curled up past the window, and at the same time from within, where the flooring joined the side of the house, and where the joints were not perfect. My father exclaimed, with an agonized look: "We are lost!" The fumes grew denser, and we heard the fire beneath us crackling louder, for the Indians had piled up blazing fagots all around the cabin, and in a great pyramid in the sitting-room. Mother strove to raise Liph off the floor, but he lay like one dead. Father sat motionless, with head between his hands, groaning aloud. My sisters sobbed and cried. Tom, only, seemed perfectly himself, but he was always stolid. "What's the use of blubbering?" he said; "they can't do more than roast us!" This was poor consolation. Thicker and denser grew the smoke! We could scarcely see each other; and a suffocating heat filled the room. I began to feel dizzy. The flames below crackled louder. The shouts of the demons increased, and it seemed in very truth as though all hope was gone.

Just then, through the wild yells of the savages, the noise of the flames, the cries and lamentations of the women, there burst in a sharp, shrill, distant bugle-call. It was the glorious cavalry charge sounding. Up sprang my father. "Hush!" cried Tom; "do you hear that? That's the dragoons' bugle!" Yes indeed it was! Louder and nearer it sounded! A tremendous tramp of horses followed, and then pistol-shots were fired, right at the door of the house, it seemed. Then a strong, manly voice cried out: "Give it to them, boys! No quarter! Sabre them all! Down with the scoundrels!" Such a clanging of steel was never heard before. There seemed to be no end to it. Cries and supplications on one side; imprecations and shouts of triumph on the other. Then, comparative stillness reigned for a moment, and the captain (God bless him) called out from below: "Is any one up there?" My father sprang to the window, and cried out: "Captain, you have saved us!" Then, quick as thought, he pulled the ladder to the window; two stout dragoons caught it as it touched the ground; then, through the smoke and flame, we all got out. But the ladder was too short, and was several feet below the window. Father had to drop us all down to the first rung, one by one. Liph just recovered his strength in time to get out. There was no time to lose. We were scarcely all down before a sheet of flame shot up through the trap-door, and in another moment the whole cabin was in flames. We were huddled together next the stockade. I then recollect seeing my father throw his arms around the captain, and heartily embrace him.

Day was just breaking. Off to the right the smoke of Hanks's house was drifting away on the wind; and to the left, the Starbucks' cabin was rolling up black volumes of smoke to the sky! The red men had made a simultaneous attack upon the cabins comprising the colony.

Oh, what a morning! What a spectacle in our stockade! A dozen dead Indians lay in front of our door, and as many more wounded lay outside! Some had fallen as they tried to escape. Off on the horizon (for you can see a great many miles on the prairie) we could see the remnant of their band fleeing on their swift horses, and a few dragoons pursuing and firing occasional shots at the retreating savages.

Outside the stockade the dragoons tied their horses. The men, regardless of the cries and moans of their adversaries, were watering their animals from the tank in the yard, while the flames of our cabin curled upward with devouring rapidity.

Captain Lecompte, who commanded the detachment, then told my father that, two nights before, he had been warned by a friendly Indian of the contemplated massacre of our colony. He had at once saddled up, and he and his gallant band had ridden sixty miles, at a hard gallop the best part of the way, hoping to reach us before they had done us any harm. Soon the dragoons began to come in; for their captain, with commendable skill, had distributed his force through the colony before attacking. They brought woeful tidings. The Starbucks were all murdered. So were the Willis family. The Montanys had shared a similar fate. Old Hanks had been found murdered, by the side of his son Joshua; his younger son Sam and his beautiful daughter Amanda were not to be found; either they had been burned in the house or carried off by the Arapahoes.

When Liph heard this, he raised his hands to heaven, then tore his hair in a frenzy, and grasping a rifle that lay on the ground, essayed to take his own life, but some dragoons seized him and held him fast. He raved like a maniac for several hours; then, his strength exhausted, he sank to the ground.

Not long afterward the dragoons commenced making preparations for departure. Their horses were watered and fed; the men sat down, and, opening their haversacks, partook of a frugal meal of salt pork and army biscuit—the latter better known among military men as hard-tack—their canteens all being filled from our tank.

Everything being ready, and our own horses having been saddled up (for I omitted to state

that the stable was untouched by the flames, and the Indians had not time to get away with any of the horses), we took a last look at the smoldering embers of our desolated cabin; the bugles sounding "Boots and saddles," we, preceded by the dragoons, started out on the prairie in the direction of Fort Leavenworth.

Poor Liph! he was terribly shattered. He spoke not a word; his eyes wandered hopelessly across the prairie, as if he could penetrate to where his beloved one had been taken. Then a look of horror would succeed this, and his head drop despondently upon his breast. The stout, strong man bent beneath the weight of affliction.

Walking the horses slowly, we proceeded that day without an incident to disturb our monotonous march. At night we laid down by the bivouac-fires and slept; refreshing and welcome sleep fell alike on wearied man and beast. The next morning we were all up at break of day, and, after partaking of the same frugal meal as before, we proceeded more rapidly, we all having somewhat recovered from the fatigue of the previous night.

Arriving at a little settlement known as Allersontown (since destroyed), judge of our astonishment at seeing Sam Hanks sitting on a stump in front of a cabin, and beside him, on the grass, wrapped in a buffalo-robe, Amanda!—Amanda, the pride of the colony!—Amanda, safe and well, but pale and haggard, her eyes red with weeping, her hair unkempt, and hanging wildly about her shoulders.

To spring from his saddle, to seize the prostrate girl in his muscular arms, was for Liph the work of an instant, and the dragoons opened wide their eyes with amazement at seeing him, in an ecstasy of joy, kissing his lost sweetheart.

Amanda had been terribly shaken by the news of her father's death, and still further overwhelmed at hearing the rumor that all of our family had perished in the flames of our cabin.

The account given to us by Sam Hanks was, that on that memorable night, shortly after I left his house, his father became alarmed, and ordered him to saddle up two horses, and, taking Amanda with him, to ride with all speed toward Fort Leavenworth. His sister, however, becoming exhausted, they could not proceed beyond Allersontown. This accounted for our meeting them there. What a goodly spectacle it was to see Liph and Amanda riding side by side all the way to Fort Leavenworth, which we reached in safety the next day.

We were treated with great kindness, and remained upward of a year near the post. Amanda shortly afterward was married at Captain Lecompte's quarters, the noble captain giving her away to Eliphalet Busch, who swore eternal love and truth. Every one who heard his manly voice felt that he was worthy of all trust and confidence, and particularly qualified to become the guardian and protector of the beautiful and gentle Amanda, "the pride of the colony."

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Going to the Races—An Up-country Scene in India.

An Indian race-course is always amusing. The heterogeneous nature of the crowd, the burlesque mixture of European and native costume assumed by the native jockeys and horse-owners, and the general mingling of the gorgeous and the grotesque, cannot fail to produce a pantomimic effect; but in the present instance the appearance on the course of so many native chiefs and nobles of various castes and creeds, each with his own particular train of followers, equipped in every fanciful style, gives an unusually picturesque air to the scene. On the road to the course, toward the cool of the evening, open carriages, carriages, waggons, dog-carts, and bullock-carts, filled with English ladies and gentlemen, Rajahs and Nawabs, their Ministers and friends, Brahmins, Parsees and Mohammedans, follow each other in a dusty procession from the camp, the intervals being filled with Sawars, or native troopers, as escorts; camels and horsemen of every creed and denomination, from Europeans, Persians, Rajpoots and Katty landholders, down to half-caste clerks and shopkeepers for the Bazar; while citizens, soldiers, and ecclesiastics file along the side of the road on foot. The course being reached, the better class ensconce themselves in stands permanent and temporary, and the general crowd line the ropes and stakes, and undisturbed by any "Jones from Manchester" and his "two to one bar one," eat betel-nut and smoke hookahs in dreamy wonderment at the energy of the Sahibs in getting up such a "tamasha."

Illumination of Strasbourg Cathedral.

The well-known and far-famed Cathedral of Strasbourg presented a gorgeously brilliant aspect on the 1st of May last, when the new Strasbourg University was opened. In the evening, amid strains of melody, the building was illuminated, and shone in greatest splendor. Torches flickered here, there, and everywhere, and such a mass of refrugent light has rarely ever been displayed in Strasbourg. Various exercises had consecrated the opening of the University, and in the evening this illumination capped a brilliant climax to the whole. The history of the Cathedral is too well known to need comment here; we merely call our readers' attention to our illustration, showing its glory on this occasion.

Parisian Sports in the Malakoff Quarter.

There is a quarter in the suburbs of Paris called the Malakoff, from the famous tower of that name. It was, before the siege of Paris and the destruction of the tower, a favorite place for festivities of all kinds. There were restaurants and saloons in plenty, and places for dancing in the tower and underneath the trees in the courtyard. There were rows of swings and seesaws, which alone, of all its former gayeties and attractions, now remain. At the present time these are not much frequented or used, except on holidays and fair-days, when they are very well patronized from morning till evening. It is a very pleasant, picturesque and animated sight to see them all going through the air at once with their human freight of men, women and children, old and young, big and little.

The Persian Famine—Boys of the Shiraz Orphanage at Dinner.

It may interest our readers to know that the efforts for the relief of the distress in Persia have been partially crowned with success. The Persian authorities have taken more energetic measures, and death from starvation is, in the large towns at least, becoming rare. Our engraving represents the boys of the temporary orphanage at Shiraz at dinner. They are waiting for the word "Bismillah," to commence their repast. This institution is supported by the Persian Famine Relief Fund. There are about two hundred boys thus cared for in Shiraz, where they are fed and clothed under the charge of Mirza Hassan Alikhan, the British agent. They were totally destitute, and were often brought in in a nearly dying condition. The photographs from which our drawing was made are by Dr. Charles Willis, Medical Assistant Superintendent of the Telegraph Department at Shiraz. Dr. Willis says: "If you will kindly make a picture of this scene, you will, by your wide circulation, doubtless give an impetus to the relief fund, which is, I am sorry to say, languishing. There are so few who take an interest in 'poor Persia.'"

The Ceremony of Cham-el-Nesim at Cairo, Egypt.

The Cham-el-Nesim—bidding good-by to the last breath of fresh air—is a very popular ceremony over the whole of Egypt, and has a particular meaning. Early on the morning of the day of this festival, all the inhabitants of the cities, towns and villages, go into the adjacent fields, and pass the day there, it being the last of Spring. The difference between the Spring, thus regretfully taken leave of, and the Summer, is very great. The Summer heat is almost stifling, and the terribly destructive east winds—simoons—the blight of the agricultural portion of the country. To day everything is lovely and fresh and green; to-morrow, perhaps, this wind will spring up, and the green will turn to yellow, and what was fresh will be parched and dried up. The ceremonies and festivities of the day at Cairo begin with a religious observance. An immense number of people, composed of the agricultural and laboring population, form a procession, and make the tour of a venerable, time-worn mosque, situated in the adjacent country. Prayers are then spoken for the purpose of obtaining the blessing of Heaven upon the next crop, and of giving thanks for the crop just gathered, which is proved by the sheaves of wheat, etc., they carry in their hands. After this, the crowd separates in twos and threes, friends with friends, and families by themselves, and seek some shady place, where they proceed to discuss or prepare refreshments, such as coffee, *galettes*, oranges, etc., the tarabouks making a sweet kind of music the while. Pipes are lighted, games organized, and until evening the fields present a picturesque and animated appearance, which is faithfully shown in the engraving.

SCIENTIFIC.

We are now acquainted with one hundred and twenty small planets. Three new asteroids have been discovered within three weeks.

FRANK BUCKLAND, of England, writes to Seth Green, the New York fish breeder, that he has successfully introduced American brood trout into English waters. From eggs sent him three years ago by Mr. Green he now has trout of two and three pounds weight.

The greatest blow yet given to the hot liquid theory of the interior of the earth, was that demonstrated by the artesian well at St. Louis, which developed a temperature, at a depth of 3,800 feet, which was too cold to be determined by any instrument or science at the time in use for such purposes.

In the London *Photographic News* Lieutenant Abney directs attention to the remarkable fact that in the carbon printing process, the influence of the solar rays being once established, the action is continued in the dark. After a few moments' exposure the transfer is linked, and in a few hours a perfect result is yielded. Similar phenomena were recorded in 1854 in Hunt's "Researches on Light." There is a wide field of inquiry as yet almost untouched.

A VERY interesting case of the successful transfusion of blood from one person to another is described by Professor Judgeson, of Berlin, in that city. His patient was a man twenty-eight years of age, who had been poisoned by phosphorus, having taken a solution of the ignition mass of eight bundles of matches on the 9th of December. On the 11th of February, the activity of the heart having been excited by champagne, a transfusion of 580 cubic centimetres of blood, which had just been taken from three persons in good health, was effected into a vein of the arm, 500 cubic centimetres of the patient's own blood being at the same time taken from an artery. An improvement in his condition at once set in, and he was able to leave his bed early in March.

In the *American Naturalist* there is given a long and interesting description of the various creatures found living within the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. The fishes all were blind. One beetle was totally blind, and in another there were only pale spots, or rudimentary eyes. A wingless grasshopper was found jumping about with great alacrity. A species of *Campodea* was also discovered hiding under stones in damp places, and this too was eyeless. A spider, white and very small, was in the same condition. The "Harvestmen" were represented by a species, also white, and equally blind. A myriapod was found having rudimentary eyes. Most interesting, however, are the blind crawfish, in which the eyes are rudimentary in the adults, but much larger in the young. The writers think that this is an evidence that the inheritance of the blind condition is probably due to causes first acting on the adults and transmitted to the young, ending in the production of offspring that becomes blind through habit. The strangest of those eyeless creatures mentioned, is, perhaps, an isopod, inasmuch as it is nearly allied to species in the Austrian caves, which are in a similar condition.

A CAPECHIN monk, lately dead in Paris, is accredited with the following last will and testament: "I bequeath—1st, to the Abbé Micuand, my breviary, because he does not know his own; 2d, to M. Jules Favre, my frock, to hide his shame; 3d, to M. Gambetta, my cord, which will prove useful one day round his neck; 4th, to M. Thiers, his own work, that he may read it over again; and 5th, to France, my wallet, because she may shortly have occasion for one to collect alms."

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

WHITELAW REID, the journalist, has become an M.A.

THE Khédive is visiting the Sultan at Constantinople.

PRESIDENT THIERS has abolished arrests of a political character.

THE Duke of Devonshire has the largest European conservatory.

SARDON'S "Ragabab" created quite a riot in Bordeaux on June 27th.

THE Rev. George Hepworth's \$75,000 iron church is nearly completed.

A WOMAN'S medical college is to be established at Gottenburg, Sweden.

PRESIDENT SCLOPIS has adjourned the Geneva Tribunal to July 15th.

ANOTHER of the American Grant dukes sailed for Europe on Saturday.

THE Americans in Paris will have an unusually fine time on the "Fourth."

ANOTHER Yellowstone expedition is at work, under charge of Professor Hayden.

BENSON J. LOSSING has received the degree of LL.D. from Michigan University.

H. R. H. PRINCE ALFRED has joined the orchestra of the Civil Service Musical society.

LORD DUFFERIN, the new Governor-General of Canada, gets \$50,000 per year and house-rent.

THE marriage certificate of Davy Crockett is in possession of the State Library of Tennessee.

THE New York Schuetzen Corps sent a delegation to the next shooting festival in Hanover, last week.

THE prize poem at Cambridge University, England, was on "The Destruction of Chicago by Fire."

WHEN the Spaniards catch patriotic Cubans, they make them betray their companions or suffer the garrote.

OLD Fort Madison, opposite Annapolis, Md., is to be converted into a post for testing guns, shells, and powder.

THE Emperor of Austria is to visit the German Court at Berlin during the first week of September.

OLE BULL has gone to Norway to participate in the 1,000th anniversary of his country's nationality.

THE Tichborne claimant is traveling extensively, and apparently making friends among the rich and poor alike.

THE Rev. George Rodgers, of England, is coming here this month to select a Western site for a religious colony.

THE Orleans Princes have officially informed the Count de Chambord that they will pay him a family visit immediately.

NICARAGUA has a lake of mineral water which not only cures cutaneous diseases, but takes away all appetite for liquors.

THE 1st of July was an eventful day for women in Illinois. On and after that day they were eligible to appointive offices.

A SOUTH CAROLINA official who can't get his salary has had to borrow money to pay the tax on it. He can't be a relative.

THE Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston gave a banquet to the band of the British Grenadier Guards on the 25th ult.

A NAVY surgeon, in memory of his wife, has endowed a scholarship in the Philadelphia Medical College, called the Hannah Matilda Dodd.

LADY LISGAR, wife of the retiring Governor-General of Canada, lately had presented to her a handsome set of jewelry from the ladies of Montreal.

TALLY one for little Switzerland, as being the only country on the face of the earth where there is more money spent on education than on the army.

TSUNG-KWO-FAU, China's greatest scholar, statesman and soldier, whose death was recently announced, was the absolute commander of 800,000 men.

THE ladies of Brussels have been getting up subscriptions lately for the purpose of building a refuge for the Pope, in case he should ever see fit to leave Rome.

MR. SAVILLE, owner of Cremorne, winner of the "Derby" and the Grand Prix of Paris, is one of the most popular and respected members of the British turf.

MARSHAL VAILLANT's obsequies have been celebrated at Dijon, France, in the midst of a vast concourse, anxious to render a last tribute to the illustrious soldier.

MURAD EFFENDI, Turkish Consul at Temesvar, is the author of a tragedy in German entitled "Selim III.," which has been successfully produced in Vienna.

DR. RUFUS BRATTON, who was abducted recently from Ontario by United States detectives, and taken to Yorkville, S. C., has been restored to Canadian jurisdiction.

WEDNESDAY, July 31st, is the date decided upon for the marriage of M. Rouzand and Miss Nilsson in Paris. A few invitations are circulating in metropolitan society.

CAPTAIN DONALD RODERICK CAMERON, Royal Artillery, is named as commissioner for the settlement of the boundaries of the British possessions in North America.

FRED. DOUGLASS, upon returning to Rochester, the other night, after the destruction of his house by fire, vainly applied to ten hotels for a night's lodging, and was finally obliged to spend the night with a personal friend.

A LONDONER has deserved well of the society with a long name, for inventing a gyro-pigeon, or steel fan, to play live bird at pigeon-shootings, and Mr. Bergh is happy over the prospect of its introduction in this country.

ARRANGEMENTS having been made for the punctual payment of interest on the Prussian investment of the French capital, the German troops are all preparing for their own return, leaving France to look out for her own securities.

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ has made a full report to the Superintendent of the Coast Survey, giving the results of the geographical researches of the Hassler expedition, and making interesting deductions from the facts thus presented.

A TELEGRAM from Madras, published in the London *Times*, stated that a court of inquiry was being held, with closed doors, on the conduct of Mr. Pogson, the Government's astronomer, who seems to be held responsible for the damage done by the late disastrous cyclone.



NEW YORK CITY.—AN AFTERNOON LOUNGE AT GOUPIL'S ART GALLERY, FIFTH AVENUE.—DRAWN BY J. N. HYDE.—SEE PAGE 283.



NEW JERSEY.—THE MONMOUTH PARK RACES—THE CELEBRATED HORSE "HARRY BASSETT," AND HIS OWNER, COLONEL M'DANIELS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. J. RUSSELL.—SEE PAGE 284.



NEW JERSEY.—THE MONMOUTH PARK RACES—THE CELEBRATED HORSE "LONGFELLOW," AND HIS OWNER, MR. JOHN HARPER.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. J. RUSSELL.—SEE PAGE 284.

THREE MONTHS.

LISTEN, and I'll tell you. It was long ago; Dark the storm-rent heavens, white the waste of snow; Weary winds were wailing, loud the breakers beat; Not a living creature in the village street, When I left my cottage, hied me up the hill, Traversed the bitter tempest, crossed the frozen rill, Gained the ruined chapel. Open flew the door, And nor cold nor darkness knew their victim more. What cared I for raindrops freezing in my hair? He, my darling, held me on his bosom there. What cared I for snowdrifts heaped above the floor? He, my darling, loved me—cold could hurt no more. Oh! love, true love, all powers above, Nestle thou close in my heart, sweet dove!

Winter still, I tell you. Three short months had passed; Snows and storms had vanished, Spring was come at last. Bright the glowing sunbeams glanced on sea and hill; Gayly through the rushes danced the little rill. Once again I crossed it, but my step was slow. All the gay, green poplars nodded in a row; All the ruined chapel blushed with roses red. As I crossed the threshold, oh! my heart lay dead! He, my darling, stood there, holding to his heart One whose beauty stabbed me like a frozen dart. All the ruddy sunshine died from land and sea; He, my darling, stood there, false to love and me! Oh! love, false love, all powers above, Flown for ever too fickle dove!

HARD LUCK.

BY

C. SHACKELFORD.

CHAPTER V.—NEW DISPENSATIONS.

OF all mournful days, keep me from the long, long weary days preceding the burial, when the very air is freighted with death, and the solemn stillness that reigns throughout the house weighs upon one like a nightmare. God help the mourners, who, crazed with grief, linger through the cheerless hours, and wall through the tearless, sleepless nights that seem to have no dawning—the dead, dear one in another room, done for ever with the tender tokens of love and kindness.

I had wearied myself to sleep at last, thinking that my life would be more than ever lonely and desolate, now Mr. Blegg was gone. I had peered into the darkness, wondering how he looked—why he died—what would become of us all, and whether I would now have to go to the Poor-house—and so on through a train of thought bearing principally upon my own condition. Again I wandered away into thinking of my father, and how strange it was I had no mother, or brothers, or sisters—not being content with Penn's theory that my father must have been a widower, and I an only child. No recollection came to me out of the past of any woman caring for me in any way. My whole life was circumscribed by the attentions of my father. Thus meditating in a circle, I came back to myself in my little bed, with the stillness of the room ringing in my ears; and only a little later my eyes were closed in sleep.

When I awoke, the sunlight was pouring into my room, and at my bedside stood Penn, holding my hand in his.

"Well, young 'un, you're hard to wake. I've been five minutes trying to make you open your eyes. Come, tumble out!"

"Is it late, Mr. Penn?" I said, beginning to dress, but hearing no sound of life below.

"Oh, yes—nine o'clock. There's no one to think of you now but me. Will you go down and try to get something to eat?"

He was helping me to dress.

"What's the matter, Mr. Penn? Oh! I remember—Mr. Blegg!"

"Sad thing, Ralph—very sad for us all. He was a mighty good man, was Richard Blegg, and no discount on that!"

Proceeding to the dining-room, we passed what had always been the company-room. I glanced in, and saw something covered with a sheet lying on a long table. A quick chill of horror ran over me, and I hastened from the spot with all possible speed.

The breakfast I tried to eat choked me, and I finally gave up the undertaking. So it was with all my meals for many days—the vision of what I saw in the company-bedroom being always before my eyes. Nor could I be persuaded upon to go to the funeral, or take a final look at the body of my benefactor. I saw the hearse go away with an occupant and come back empty; and the good sheriff was no more of earth. My remembrance of him has remained with me through years, and is of the living and not of the dead.

With the return of Mrs. Blegg and Tillie, there came a change to the gloom of the house, and affairs soon resumed their usual course. Penn, being compelled to do all the work now about the jail, was so busy I could find little time or opportunity to speak to him.

It was not very long—perhaps a fortnight—before there was a new sheriff. Mrs. Blegg moved into a large house in the heart of the town, and Mr. Penn being discharged, his onerous position was given to a new man, as is the custom. For a few days he lingered, as if lost, about the place; but he required active life, and so prepared himself to leave Chester without delay.

He came to see me, for the first time since the funeral, on the night before his departure.

"Well, little Ralph," he said, pulling nervously at his whiskers, and staring at me in a steady, meditative way that I had never before noticed, "I'm going away."

"Going away, Mr. Penn?" I asked, almost speechless with astonishment—"going to leave me all alone?"

The quivering voice in which the last words were uttered touched him.

"It's hard, my poor boy; but you see I've got to go. I'm only a poor cuss who's lost his

only friend"—drawing the back of his hand suddenly across his eyes—"and's got to work for his livin'."

"Mr. Penn," I said, frightened beyond expression at this unlooked-for misfortune to me—"oh! Mr. Penn, what shall I do if you leave me?" and I tried to catch his hands, the better to plead with him not to desert me—me whom he had picked up one sad morning, and ever afterward befriended.

"You're awful hard on me, Ralph," he muttered. "What'll you do? Now, listen to me quietly. Come up, if you want to!" He lifted me to his lap, and held me close to him—so close that I could not see his honest face. "You'll try to do one thing—the one I've so often spoke to you about—be a good boy!"

"But nobody loves me save you, Mr. Penn, and they won't let me be a good boy."

"Nonsense! I shall never finish at this rate." I plainly heard the dear old Penn gulp down something that seemed to hurt him, and he put his hand to his throat in a nervous, impatient way. "I'm going away; I've said that much once before. Mrs. Blegg'll take care of you after a fashion. She's got to, having promised Mr. Blegg—God bless his soul!—just a little before he died. You see, they found a thousand dollars, I've been told, on your papa, and Mr. Blegg quietly kept it to give you clothing and an education, if nobody claimed you. Now, Mrs. Blegg ain't a beggar, nor she ain't rich; so she's going to taking boarders. Keep on the sunny side of her (heaven knows which it is!) and you won't miss me after a month's time—though I should be sorry to know it," he muttered, under his breath.

"Can you remember all this?"

"But she don't love me—she hates me, Mr. Penn; 'cause she told me so; and so does Tillie. Don't go and leave me with them," I pleaded, as my sobs would let me speak.

For a long time there was silence, and when I looked up into his face his eyes were wet.

"If Betsy were alive," he said, "you should go with me; for I love you as if you were my own son—and I had one once—though I am a poor good-for-nothing nobody. But it can't be, child; it oughtn't to be if it could. Stay here, and grow up to be a good man. Some day I'll come back and see how you are getting along."

He tried to put me down; but with a frenzy of childish despair I sprang upward, put my arms around his neck, and clung there, crying as if my heart would break. For a moment he hesitated, uncertain what to do. Then he began to walk up and down the room, his arms around me, holding me tightly. Perhaps there passed half an hour, during which not a word was spoken. I cried myself weak, and began to feel sorry for the poor man, as I thought over what he had said, and dimly comprehended his position.

"Let me down now, Mr. Penn!" I said at last, determined to be manly under my affliction. He did as I bid, gave a quick glance at my face, then turned away and went to the window, where he stood for what seemed to me a very long time. When he came up to me again, his kind face was rosier than ever, and his eyes hazy and tearful.

"Good-by, then, Ralph!" stooping to kiss me several times. "And here's something to keep to remember me by," putting a ten-dollar gold piece into my pocket. "Don't spend it unless you are starving, and don't show it to any one. I'll come back some day, sure, for I'll never forget my little boy."

It was only when I heard the door softly closed, that, looking up, I found he had really gone.

A feeling of desertion and utter loneliness settled down upon me, and I sat in my chair, silently crying, until the darkness made me afraid to remain there any longer. So, supperless and heart-sick, I dragged my weary self to my room, and went to bed.

It took many sad weeks to overcome my grief for what seemed to me, at first, to be Mr. Penn's desertion. Mrs. Blegg scolded and cuffed me, and Tillie ridiculed me without mercy, but without other effect than to make me hate them at last. My little heart was so heavy with sadness, and life seemed so cheerless, that I could not do my drudgery with willing hands and feet. Soon the kitchen-maids, if no one else, took pity on my misery, and gave me many a kind word and did me many a good deed, which I shall never forget. Mrs. Blegg's boarding-house was a success even in ordinary times; but at court sessions the house was overflowed with boarders; even the Chester House was eclipsed in its accommodations.

My position was errand-boy and bootblack. I was always wanted by some one to do something or go somewhere. As for my days of recreation, Mrs. Blegg took good care that every minute should have its allotment of work.

As I grew older, I am sorry to say, I lost the refinement and delicacy which had made my existence miserable; perhaps it was only overlaid with a veneering of coarseness given by association with the zenials of the house. Even the memories of my coming to Chester, together with the events immediately succeeding, were becoming dimmer and dimmer as weeks and months passed away.

What wonder that this was so, when every good and generous impulse was ground out of me by my coarse mistress, and my daily life made one of uncongeniality and repugnance, full of hardships, and utterly devoid of love and sympathy!

I was going backward intellectually at a very rapid rate, and there is no conjecturing how deep I would have sunk in ignorance, if a pretty and good-natured chambermaid had not taught me surreptitiously, and after a fashion peculiarly her own, to read and to write. The gates of learning thus opened, though ever so little, were never thereafter closed against me; for I seized with avidity upon every newspaper and book that came in my way, and, with the aid of a pocket-dictionary I one day found, I absolutely devoured their contents.

Of all this intellectual progress, Mrs. Blegg was in entire ignorance, which was a lucky circumstance, as she would undoubtedly have deprived me even of this much comfort.

Mr. Penn had been dead two years, I think, and I was, as near as I could judge, in my seventh year, and a thin, pale-faced boy, when Mrs. Blegg and myself indulged in a little conversation, that led to most important results.

Miss Tillie, who had become a vicious little mix of ten years of age, one day came to the kitchen-door and looked around.

"Here, boy!" she cried, when she saw me, "clean and black my shoes."

She tossed them toward me, and went away.

"You're as good as she, I've heard," said the cook, "and I'd never black them shoes for the hussy."

"No more would I," said the chambermaid, who taught me my lessons.

"Not if the old woman had a thousand dollars of mine, as wasn't a drawin' of interest, nor school larin' either," said the cook.

"Drop the shoes! You shan't shine 'em!" commanded the maid.

I dropped them, resolved in my own mind to settle the question of my salary, on which I had long brooded.

In half an hour Miss Tillie demanded her shoes. They were sent to her in the same condition in which she had left them. In no time Mrs. Blegg appeared.

"What does this mean? Why ain't Tillie's shoes blacked? Ralph, come here!"

I was not so valiant as a few minutes before, and so obeyed her command. When within reach, she aimed a powerful slap at my head, which I instantly dropped to avoid. The force of her effort was so great as to carry her forward. She stumbled against me, plunged ahead, and fell against the cook.

The servants smiled; but I was too much frightened to do so, though I felt greatly so inclined.

As she recovered her balance, the loudly exclaimed:

"You shall leave this house, you young rascal! Have I fed you, and clothed you, and been a mother to you, to have you act this way? I'll turn you out to find who'll treat you better. Go!" motioning toward the door.

"Give me my thousand dollars then, ma'am, which Mr. Blegg left for my care and education," I said, boldly, because I felt desperate.

"A thousand dollars for you, you little beggar? You're crazy!" But we all noticed she did not speak as decidedly as usual, and her laugh was forced.

"It was found on my father's body," I continued. "There are people here who will gladly help me get the money, if you don't give it to me."

"Let them help you, then!" she said, turning away. "You're an ungrateful little viper! I'll see you again in the morning." With that she slammed the door to behind her.

What a hero I thought myself under the congratulations of the servants. I felt somewhat proud myself, because I did not know before I had so much temper and obstinacy.

"A new boarder came last night," said the chambermaid, in the morning; "and you're to carry him shaving-water and black his boots at once."

With the mug of warm water in my hand, I knocked at the door, and was bidden to come in. The gentleman's back was toward me as I entered, he being occupied, seemingly, in experimenting with gaudy neckties, several being ranged in a row upon the bureau. When I put the mug softly on the table and was quietly retiring, he revolved in his chair and called out, roughly:

"I say, little boy!"

Turning, I recognized the speaker at a glance. It was Captain Fimkin. He seemed a little older and stouter, and more elegant in appearance than when I saw him last at Mrs. Blegg's. His whiskers were closely trimmed, and his hair had a fashionable cut; but his bald head shone as of old like wax, and his wicked eyes had the same vicious gleam and sparkle in them.

"Well, well! Who would have thought it?" he declared, as I meekly drew near. "It's young Silvers—Splinters, I mean—as sure as I live! Why, how you have grown, you little devil!"

I assured him I was by no means a little devil, and that my name was not Splinters, but Goldant—Ralph Goldant—and I judiciously edged away toward the door.

"Oho! You contradict me, do you? You know more than your elders, do you? Perhaps I know more about yourself than you do. I dare say I can tell it when you are old enough to know anything. Keep that in mind! You're frisky with impudence, I see. That I'll shake out of you in short order!"

Thereupon he darted at me, caught me by the coat-collar, and shook me so violently that every hair on my head seemed anchored in my scalp with lead; and when he released me I went from side to side, getting my legs into and out of the oddest of odd tangles.

My blood was up under such an assault, unprovoked as it was cowardly. My life in the kitchen, and with rough men and boys, had given me more knowledge of defense and retaliation than a dozen years of schooling could have contributed, and I was, when angry, as ugly as a hornet.

"Are you through with your fun?" I asked, when I finally brought up suddenly against the bureau.

"Through? Bless your heart, no! I've only commenced," coming at me again.

"Keep away!" I cried, warningly. But he only smiled, showing his closed teeth and blazing eyes. With a nimble spring I jumped, and plucked from the bureau a cologne-bottle, and threw it with all my force and best aim. It struck him right between the eyes, full and fair. I saw the blood come, his arms go up, his body reel, and then fall to the floor, where it

lay motionless. With a cry of genuine horror at what I had done, I ran from the room and secreted myself in the garret.

CHAPTER VI.—THE LAST FEATHER.

AFTER ten minutes of strangling with dust and spluttering against cobwebs that would get into my mouth, and brushing away great fat spiders (of which I had a terrible dread), my fit of anger being over, I trembling at what I had done, listened, and heard a great commotion below. Surely, I thought, he must be killed. But when I stepped to the trap-door leading from the garret to the little hall, I distinctly heard Captain Fimkin's voice, actively engaged, like a whirling mill, in grinding out oaths; and whenever the grinding ceased for an instant, the sharp, ringing voice of Mrs. Blegg rose clearly and distinctly. Soon after other voices commingled, and slamming of doors began, which indicated to me that a search was being made. There was no inclination on my part to await results, yet I was unable to determine how I was to escape from the house and any punishment, no matter how severe, which they might resolve to inflict.

There was no path to liberty, save down the very stairs up which I knew they were coming. I felt just as I have seen frightened rabbits look when closely pursued. At the foot of the garret-ladder, and in a corner at the right of the door, stood a barrel filled with rags. I swung myself down, and was concealed behind the barrel in a second, just as Captain Fimkin, followed closely by Mrs. Blegg, stood upon the threshold of the little room. Without delay the captain began to ascend the ladder to the garret, Mrs. Blegg standing at the foot. Suddenly in the doorway appeared the chambermaid, with her usual pleasant smile, from which I gained courage at once. But no sooner had she stepped inside than she saw and came toward me. I expected nothing now but a delivery to the enemy. But the good girl spread herself out before the barrel, first whispering me to run, which was not heard by Mrs. Blegg, in consequence of the racket made over my head by the captain.

I pushed over the barrel, the maid screamed, and away I darted down the stairs and out upon the street, unprevented, because Mrs. Blegg was too fat, and the captain was still in the garret.

When Mr. Penn was with us, he was often in company with a pompous, fat old gentleman, who was, Penn told me, a justice of the peace. The man and his title—the meaning of which I was ignorant—conjointly impressed my childish mind with feelings of profound awe. Yet, Mr. Chadberry had always spoken kindly to me, and once gave me a penny with which to buy candy; so that I ought to have regarded him in a more cheerful light. Now, as I ran from Mrs. Blegg's, I began to cry, and to look behind me to see if any one was coming. Thus it happened that I ran plump against the projecting stomach of a fat man, strolling along on his morning walk.

"Ugh!" grunted the fat man.

"I'm sorry, sir," I cried, recovering from the rebound.

"Why, bless my soul, it's little Ralph! How do you do, little boy?"

"Pretty well, sir; and you're Mr. Chadberry, I think?"

"That I am. And what is Ralph crying about so early in the morning? Here's my office; come in and tell me about it."

When he had lighted his pipe, and sat down in his easy-chair in front of me, he said, "Begin!"

I told him what had been the trouble that morning—how I was abused in general by confinement to the kitchen, by low duties—how I was kept from school; and, lastly, of the sum of money Mrs. Blegg had, that was found on the person of my father.

"Oho!" puffed Mr. Chadberry; "that is the game, is it?"

As he looked at me when he said this, I told him I did not know.

"Of course not; I was asking myself."

He sat puffing violently at his pipe, and sending out the smoke through his nose as well as his mouth. As he said nothing for several minutes, and took no further notice of me, I thought he had forgotten me, and so slid out of my chair to go away.

"Stop, Ralph!" he commanded, and then forgot me for a long time as soon as he had spoken. Finally he got up, put aside his pipe, and took up his cane and hat.

"I'm going over there about your matters, boy. You shall have your rights as sure as the sun shines. Don't you go away from here until I come back."

He was gone at least an hour, and I fell asleep. I awoke to see him standing before me.

"Come," he said. "It's all right, now, I think—for the present, anyhow. I've done some good talking for you, and they're afraid of me. We'll go over. But, mind you, lad, if you have any more trouble with them, come to me."

Promising him I would, we went back to Mrs. Blegg's. As we went up the steps, the charming Tillie regaled herself by making faces at us from the window.

"Do you want to tell Mrs. Blegg you're sorry for what you've done?" asked Mr. Chadberry, when we stood before that lady, who was placidly smoothing her apron and looking stonily at us with her gray eyes.

"I'm not sorry," I answered; "so what is the use of saying I am?"

"None at all," Mr. Chadberry declared—"none at all! Frank boy, and I'm glad to know it."

"Oh, but he will be, I guess," said Mrs. Blegg, in her curt way.

"If he is, he will let me know it, ma'am. For that he has his lesson learned. As a magistrate of Chester, I shall see that justice is done. As for the captain, he must let the

boy alone. Good-morning, ma'am. Good-by, Ralph. Don't forget me, nor where my office is." And giving me his best bow, the old gentleman waddled away in fine style.

"Go to your work, you little scamp!" ordered Mrs. Blegg, beginning to walk the room excitedly. "You have made fuss enough this morning to last a year; and listen, now—I'll make you walk a chalk-line hereafter, or break you! Remember!" She swung out of the room in a furious manner, banging to the door after her, so that the house shook as if an earthquake were taking place.

In the kitchen I was received with praise, the cook patting me on the head in a motherly way, and the chambermaid kissing me, then blushing exceedingly, as if at her boldness. They had a nice little breakfast for me in the oven, and I sat down to its eating as if I were a hero.

The next day I was sent to school, and bidden to follow Miss Tillie and carry the lunch-basket. The schoolmaster was a tall, spare man, with his hair cut so short that it stood on end, as if it were made of wire. As he knew who I was, I surmised that Mrs. Blegg had given him instructions. Surrounded by so many boys and girls, I felt bashful and awkward, especially when, during school-hours, I saw Tillie write something on a piece of paper, and pass it around among the scholars, who always looked at me and laughed. But I paid her and them little or no attention, as I determined to study, and improve myself as rapidly and completely as possible.

When I emerged from the close schoolroom at recess, and was met at all points by cries of "Tell-tale!" and "Boots!" I comprehended at once the meaning of Tillie's activity in penmanship, and realized that her enmity was implacable, though its direction might principally be attributed to her mother. This little tow-headed, freckle-faced, turn-up-nosed adversary was as spiteful as a wasp, and quite as vigilant. When I understood what were the feelings of the scholars, with a smothered sob of sorrow I returned to my studies with renewed zeal. With many of them this inaugural hostility rapidly passed away, but not a month had elapsed before I found the teacher disposed to make me a scapegoat for all the pupils, and I was viciously flogged from day to day as emergencies demanded.

Yet, notwithstanding these many obstacles, I made rapid progress in my studies, encouraged by no one but the chambermaid, to whom I owed more in that line than any one else. In fact, Annie Gamage was the "guardian angel," as it were, of my boyhood. She was a plump, good-looking girl, about twenty-two years old, practical, sensible, well-informed, the daughter of a well-to-do American farmer, who had married the second time, and whose wife made the place decidedly unpleasant for Annie. She taught me all she knew in the ordinary branches of a common school education, so that I was in advance of most of the other scholars, of which fact we were both very proud.

For several weeks my life ran along the same uneven groove. Captain Fimkin, having nominally connected himself with the sheriff's office, was away a good deal of the time, so that he was unable to annoy me. It was a month after I knocked him down before I saw him again; and then he only scowled at me and raised his forefinger menacingly. But it was a source of satisfaction to see that between his two ugly eyes was a scar, of which I hoped he would never be rid; and I think he had an idea that I exulted in giving him that mark. I had not forgotten his threat of that morning, and was always in expectation of its being executed. Against its evil effect neither Annie nor myself could oppose any precautions.

One morning, on the way to school, Miss Tillie and myself had an animated discussion as to whether I should or should not carry all her bundles, consisting of books, lunch-basket, etc., as well as my own.

"Now, Ralph, it is your business to do it. You're a sort of charity boy, you know, and that sort of work is about all we can get out of you." This she said with flashing eyes, and her little, skinny fists doubled up as if she were going to fight me.

"It makes no difference what you say, I will carry them no more. I've done it long enough!" was my reply. "The books will stay on the ground, for all I shall do."

"Very well, Mr. Beggar! I'll see that you get a good flogging!" she ran ahead as fast as she could travel to the school-house.

When I arrived there a little later, the master called me up and asked me if I had left the books, to which I answered:

"Yes."

"Go back and get them," he commanded.

"That I will not do," I said, firmly.

"Very well! I shall whip you."

And going to the closet, he took from its hook a small rawhide. With no particular purpose save to get away from him, I ran for the door, and was out of his clutches in two minutes, hiding in the grove that shaded the creek. At noon I boldly went home.

Mrs. Blegg did not speak or look at me until I went to the table for my dinner.

"You needn't eat now," she then said. "Captain Fimkin," addressing that worthy individual, who came into the room at that instant, "I have a note here from the school-master about this young scapegrace; will you read it, please?"

Captain Fimkin read it, stroking his beard and looking down upon me from time to time with his unpleasant eyes.

"A hopeless case, it would seem, Mrs. Blegg," he remarked, as he handed the note back to her. "Insolence, insubordination, 'truant'—all disgraceful charges—very disgraceful. What do you suggest, madame?"

"I suggest that you give him a hearty thrashing. His future, captain, I contemplate with fear, when I see what he is in the present. The rod is the only resource."

"There speaks a woman of sense! I quite agree with you, Mrs. Blegg," rubbing his hands in a joyful way. "But, Mr. Chadberry, Mrs. Blegg—Mr. Chadberry!"

Mrs. Blegg snapped her fingers. "That for Mr. Chadberry!" she said. "I am mistress of this house. I will be until I die. My Tillie must not be tyrannized over by this brat, nor her future happiness spoiled by his brutal treatment. Oblige me, captain, by punishing the boy, for I am too weak to-day."

The captain smiled, rubbed his hands again, and then beckoned to me with his forefinger.

From its hanging-place in the woodshed he delicately took down a long piece of small rope, which he doubled so as to leave the middle in his hand. As I did not move, he beckoned again, this time with all his fingers.

"You must not whip me, Captain Fimkin," I said. "You have no right to touch me." I felt my blood begin to warm with the same murderous feeling as came upon me the morning he attacked me in his room.

"No words from you!" was the reply he made. "I'll whip you by special request. I'd kill you if it did not suit my purpose better not to do it. No *v.*, are you coming?"

"No, sir! If you touch me I'll tell Mr. Chadberry." When I said this both the captain and Mrs. Blegg looked at each other.

"If Chadberry interferes here any more, a-meddling in our affairs, I'll give him a touch or two of this!" twirling the rope around his hand, and cutting across the back of a chair with it. "A nice man he is to deal out the law, giving over-weight to rich rascals, and charging extra for what they don't get, while the poor devil gets a light load. Hang such discrimination. Take off your jacket!"

As I did nothing in accordance with his commands, he made a sudden dash, and caught me by the hair, though I never stirred, and began to lash away. Though the pain was terrible, not a whimper crossed my lips. There was a little shriek as Annie Gamage opened the door and shut it instantly. Brave Captain Fimkin kept on with his work.

"This is for to-day's doings," he puffed, stopping for rest. "Now for a sweetener for marking my face!" And he began to lay on lustily once more, and had given me two or three stunning strokes, when the door of the room again opened, and I heard the voice of Mr. Chadberry.

"Stop that, you brute!" commanded that voice. "Whip a child in that way, will you?" Thud, thwack, thwack! and the old gentleman's cane came down resoundingly upon the back of my executioner, who immediately took refuge under the table. I heard that much, and became insensible.

(To be continued.)

THOUGHTS ON HEALTH.

By A. K. GARDNER, M.D.

THE past Spring has been signalized in its coming and marked in its presence by many peculiarities; not only has Winter lingered in its lap, but disease and death have marked its presence. The hardy evergreens, in their native as well as in their transplanted locations, have died by thousands, and less sensitive shrubs and perennial, indigenous plants have been almost entirely destroyed.

Meteorologists, arboriculturists and gardeners have ascribed it to the cold of an open Winter, which has frozen the ground to unwonted depths. But there is obviously some fallacy in this, for these trees live generally in far northern climes, where the deep frosts are not extraordinary and a dearth of snow not uncommon during the Winter.

But a careful observer will note streaks in the forest, the dead evergreens standing in rows of more or less regularity, which look as if a simoon-like, killing blast had passed along, scourging and destroying.

At, as nearly as can be determined, the same period of time it was noted that there were epidemic diseases pervading the community. Among them a pleuro-pneumonia of extraordinary typhoid virulence swept through the ranks of mankind, and many a silver head that had stood erect for three-quarters of a century of vigor was laid low, and life, like a candle-flame, was extinguished by the same blast that had chilled to death the evergreens.

Coincident with this were various smaller ills, such as influenzas and catarrhal inflammations of the eyes of an epidemic character, and more markedly malignant and deadly, the cerebro-spinal meningitis and spotted fevers among the children. The science of the world is yet in its infancy. The recognition of co-existing facts is but the first step in the progress. It took a series of years and a lengthy collection of tabulated and arranged facts respecting the weather, the winds and air-currents, before the science of meteorology was able to attain to the present very imperfect prognostications, which, however, are so wonderful to the general eye, and although but the initial steps of forthcoming knowledge in the future, are really so great an advance upon the "Farmers' Almanac" predictions in the past.

The communications interchanging throughout the world to-day give us the knowledge of corresponding events, and thus not only are the earthquakes in one continent correlated with the volcanic eruptions and tidal waves of the other, but the "pestilence that walketh by noonday" is seen to have its relations and correspondences not only with the atmospheric changes, but their relations and affinities with kindred diseases coexisting in other localities at corresponding periods.

A study of the cases of a single disease will serve to evince the subtle nature of the origin of these death-dealing maladies. We have no room here for details, but it may be stated in answer to the various queries of why and how these deaths by pneumonia occurred, that these were not necessarily or even really, if appar-

ently, the results of imprudence or exposure. Many attacks of this disease occurred where there had been no marked exposure, others where there was none unusual. It was a malign influence beyond human control, hidden in the atmosphere, which has blasted trees, killed vegetation, and rendered even the waters we drink noxious and deleterious.

Science, which but a few decades ago separated the atmosphere we breathe into its primitive divisions of oxygen, nitrogen, and hydrogen, and which but yesterday found still a fourth quality called ozone, in its future progress may yet define to us and separate the pure from the impure; point out to us not only the deadly carbonic acid gas, but the equally deleterious malaria which, escaping observation, is everywhere around; show us the theoretic spores of scarlet fever, diphtheria, the contagious elements of smallpox and cholera, the subtle germs of typhus and gangrene.

Archimedes no more wanted a place for his lever to stand to move the world than will modern philosophy stable recorded facts upon which to found the theories which shall change the actions of mankind. The great trouble that is met with is in the uncertainty of the so-called facts, the positive assertions respecting simple observations being often found to be false and valueless by more honest or competent investigators coming after.

If we look at the past for a single example, we shall be astonished to see with what infinite pains the simplest facts have been elaborated from a mass of crude surroundings. Pliny, for instance, gives as a multitude of cases where diseases are cured by the bones and excrementa of particular birds very rare in their kind or disgusting in their nature. He gives as positive essentials for their efficacy that the bird must be killed at just such an epoch of the moon by a person fasting, by a virgin, etc. Time gradually eliminating the non-essentials, the imaginary from the fundamental, determined that the virtue was simply in the bone, and not indeed of any especial bird or beast, and chemistry superadded its positiveness, and now the bare fact that we owe all the remedial benefits to the phosphates, carbonates and alkalis contained within them.

ART CRITICS.

IT is always instructive to visit a prominent Art Gallery, and, where there is a miscellaneous group of visitors, sometimes amusing to listen to the voluntary criticism offered upon particular pictures. Of a party examining a painting, one thinks there is too much coloring; another complains that all rules of perspective have been violated; a third, that the figures are too stiff and unnatural; while a fourth is positive he has never seen clouds of the pattern represented. Then there comes an array of tin tubes, and all agree to look again. The coloring is certainly better, but it is not as warm in tone as the subject requires. The figures have their counterparts, it is true, but is not the dress too antique? It may be—mind you, I say, it may be—that, under certain conditions, the clouds may assume just that hue; but it requires the boldness of an artist superior to this—who has done very well, by-the-way—to handle them.

And, then, do you really think that the frame sets the picture off as well as one of black walnut would? This artist has no sympathy with nature, nor this with his fellow-man, but the ideas are pretty good, though rather far fetched. Here, on the contrary, is one who gives us a beautiful sketch. I wonder what the subject is? It is delightful, anyway. Everything harmonizes with everything else. Please lend me your tube? Thanks; I do admire pictures, but often wonder why artists do not write what their pictures are about. I'm sure I know something of these things, but some men are so ideal, you know, they never can come down to the practical. Now, here is a pretty figure. In truth, but who is it? Where is the label? Oh, well, if painters don't want to be admired, they needn't do anything to let us know who they are and what they can do. For my part, I want to know all about a picture, and then I can criticize it intelligently.

And thus they go on, hour after hour, some really appreciating a canvas, others merely talking to be heard.

It is well for the peace of the artists that they are not compelled to listen to these impromptu discussions, else they would throw down the brush in disgust, and shy their paint at the first one who ventured to pass judgment on their work.

FINE ARTS AT THE CINCINNATI EXPOSITION.

IT has been mentioned by the New York Tribune, that a circular of the Fine Art Department of the Cincinnati Industrial Exposition has been sent generally to our leading artists and connoisseurs. It presents a scheme worthy of their attention and co-operation, which, if its results are commensurate with the expense and magnitude of the experiment, will be of national importance. It is proposed, in connection with the third Industrial Exposition, to form an exhibition of works of modern art, including painting, sculpture, architecture, engraving, etc., larger in its scope than any hitherto attempted; and not less than thirty-one premiums, consisting of medals in gold, silver and bronze, are offered in the several branches of art. With the concurrence of the City Park Commissioners, the managers are at present building a Fine Art Hall, spacious, elegant, and fire-proof, in Washington Square, separated from the buildings of the Industrial Department, and affording in its suites of apartments a wall surface for exhibition purposes of 1,140 feet. The regulations of the exhibition are

copied from those governing the Paris Salon, with some slight variations, and among the inducements offered to artists, besides the premiums, are facilities for the sale of their works. The Exposition is made under the auspices of the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce, Board of Trade, and Mechanics' Institute, with a guarantee fund of over \$100,000 subscribed by leading citizens. The past Expositions have been visited by over 500,000 persons each year, and the coming one promises to be more popular still. It opens on the 4th of September, and ends on the 6th of October, 1872.

NEWS BREVITIES.

PARIS has about 2,000 artists.

IOWA has 82 agricultural societies.

HARVARD has made the President LL.D.

THIS will be a memorable horse-racing week.

AMATEUR theatricals are popular at Saratoga.

FIREMEN are the latest victims of explosions.

THE Freedman's Bureau is a thing of the past.

COLLEGE commencements were in order last week.

CANOE clubs are being organized in all our marine cities.

THE Mexican Claims Commission is ready to begin work.

SCHUBERT's statue in Vienna was inaugurated June 15th.

RYDE, Isle of Wight, is a delightful place for consumptives.

THE yield of silver in Nevada exceeds that of gold in California.

OVER £9,000 are subscribed to the Warwick Castle restoration fund.

SALT LAKE CITY taxes billiard and drinking saloons \$3.00 per month.

THE Seventh Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., are encamped at Saratoga.

THE 125th class graduated from the College of New Jersey last week.

THE California strawberry crop has been the largest this year ever known.

DR. HOWARD is again reported released. Don't believe it until you see him.

IN South Carolina it is unlawful to allow minors to play tennins or billiards.

DEMOCRATIC State Conventions have been significantly unanimous for Greeley.

THE authorities in London are very much exercised about the trade strikes there.

ITINERANT musicians are preparing for their annual pilgrimage to the watering-places.

M. VICTORIN SARDOU, the celebrated dramatist, is about to be married to Mlle. Soulié.

TOPEKA employs a Mexican with his lasso to capture cows which violate the ordinance.

NOW that the Stokes trial is fairly under way, wonderful disclosures may be expected.

THE French military band is to visit Chicago when Boston estimates its loss on the Jubilee.

THE trustees of the Peabody Educational Fund were in Boston last week for consultation.

MISS CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG, the American prima donna, sang in Buckingham Palace recently.

BOSTON refuses to open her libraries on Sunday, because the City Solicitor says it would be against the law.

THE question whether a man can marry his brother's widow or not is disturbing the Hebrews of New York.

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE has been preaching her Gospel of Peace to the Londoners at Freemason's Hall.

DR. MOREAU MORRIS has resigned his position as Sanitary Superintendent of the New York Board of Health.

"THE CEDARS," at Newark, N. J., William Henry Herbert's old home, was destroyed by fire on the 24th of June.

DR. EVANS, a celebrated American dentist in Paris, is soon to be attached to the medical staff of the Prince of Wales in London.

THE Editorial Association of New Jersey held their annual frolic last week at Atlantic City, and that of New York at Watertown.

OVER 150,000 copies of Sumner's speech against Grant have been distributed over the country, and the demand is still unprecedented.

THE last volume of the Ku-Klux Committee's report is in press; there are in all thirteen volumes, containing more than 8,000 pages.

IT is said that Premier Gladstone is in a constant nervous fever over the Treaty of Washington, which cannot be said of our Chief Secretary.

A NEW loan of three millions of francs is announced by the French Government as shortly to be placed on the market for public subscription.

THE First Brigade, N. G. S. N. J., paraded in Newark on June 27th, as a compliment to the Mayor and Common Council for providing an armory.

IT is said that the negotiations for the complete evacuation of French territory by the German troops have been brought to a favorable conclusion.

THE police of Philadelphia prohibit the sale of Charles Sumner's speech exposing the corruption and inefficiency of the Administration; and yet they call this a free country.

THE London News thinks Horace Greeley's improving prospects for election to the Presidency of the United States have spurred President Grant to vigorous efforts to save the treaty.

COLONEL VANDERBILT ALLEN, a graduate of West Point, and whilom aide to General Sherman, has just quit the Khedive's service, bearing with him the decoration of Commander of the Order of Mejidie.

ICE factories are succeeding at the South. Most of the machines used in the manufacture are of French invention, and have, in France, attracted much attention and been very favorably reported upon.

A NAVAL ACADEMY cadetship, belonging to the county of New York, for which a competitive examination was held, was awarded to John O'Keefe, whose father is a poor dock laborer. A subscription will be taken to furnish him with the necessary outfit.



NEW YORK.—GRAND BALL AND RECEPTION GIVEN TO THE NEW YORK STATE EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION, BY THE CITIZENS OF WATERTOWN, AT THE RINK.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR.

LONGFELLOW AND HARRY BASSETT.

LONGFELLOW and Harry Bassett, the celebrated race-horses who competed together at Monmouth Park. Long Branch, on the 2d inst., are both Kentucky born and bred colts. Longfellow is a five-year-old, by imported Leamington out of Nanturah, and is a fine specimen of a race-horse. He is very large and strong, and is easy and sure in action. He has a good record on the turf, and his victories last year at Long Branch and Saratoga, when he beat Kingfisher in a three-mile heat, advanced him greatly in the favor of turfmen. Longfellow ran a mile in 1.40. Mr. Harper has refused \$80,000 for his beautiful colt, and says he will not part with him for less than \$100,000.

Harry Bassett is a chestnut colt, with two white heels and a star, sixteen and a half hands high, with large depth of chest, somewhat flat barrel, large hips, and powerful loins, stifles and thighs. He is a very handsome colt, and has a fine neck and head. He was bred on the Alexander Farm, Woodburn, Ky., and is four years old. He was purchased by Colonel McDaniels, his present owner, for \$315. As a two and three-year-old, Bassett was entered for thirteen races, and won in twelve. He won the Westchester Cup at the recent Spring meeting at Jerome Park. Bassett is by Lexington, out of Canary Bird. He is a lineal descendant of the far-famed Diomed, the winner of the Derby (England) stakes in 1780.

Both horses have been at the Monmouth Park stables for several weeks past, Colonel McDaniels and John Harper watching them as a hen does her chickens. These gentlemen were satisfied with the condition of their favorites a week before the race, but the training was never relaxed a day. Early each morning Longfellow and Bassett were taken to the course, and given a two-mile dash. The utmost vigilance was observed in their stables to prevent injury by colds, neglect, improper food, or malicious interference.

Monmouth Park contains one hundred and twenty-seven and a half acres of land, and is finely situated. It has accommodations for four hundred horses, and for weeks before the race there were several strings of thoroughbreds in the stables. There is a delightful, old-fashioned country dwelling near the track, and the Association's new Club House, from which a capital view of the entire course may be obtained, is a spacious and tastefully decorated structure. Though young in years, Monmouth Park has become the most fashionable racing centre of the North. The officers are energetic and attentive in the extreme; Mr. John Chamberlain, Mr. Raynor, the Secretary, and others, were constantly on the course during the racing excitement, and spared no pains to render the visit of their guests pleasant.

Although there were several horses entered for the cup, it was long understood that the interest would be centred on Longfellow and

Bassett. It is doubtful if a more exciting race has ever taken place in this country.

HENRY M. STANLEY,

THE RESCUER OF DR. LIVINGSTONE.

SOME time ago the New York *Herald* electrified its readers and the general public with the announcement that Dr. Living-

stone, the famous explorer—oft lost, oft recovered, oft dead, and oft restored to life, had been found in the wilds of Africa, at Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, by one of its correspondents. The man who has thus made himself famous as a "special" is a Missourian, and has long been a representative of the *Herald*, though more for love than money, as he is a person of means. His adventurous disposition, love of notoriety and desire to make a sensa-

tion all combined, conspired to induce him to undertake a perilous mission to the interior wilds of unexplored Africa, to carry out the laconic orders of the *Herald* chief: "Find Dr. Livingstone, dead or alive, and telegraph us."

Mr. Stanley is about twenty-eight years of age, five feet eight inches and a half in height, and weighs one hundred and sixty-five pounds. He is a thick-set man, with very bright-gray eyes, and of a sanguine complexion.

He was formerly a war correspondent of the *Herald*, and in 1867 started on a trip to Europe. Being of an adventurous disposition, he determined to join the Cretan insurgents as a volunteer, but on his arrival found the chances of an honorable flight very slim. He therefore gave himself up to a brief literary exercise.

A few weeks after his arrival he conceived a project of making a walking tour through the heart of Asia, striking through the Caucasus and traversing the Khanates of Bokhara and Khiva, Eastern Tarkestan (the country of Ataligh Ghazi), and thus reaching the western frontier of China. A half-brother and an American friend joined him, and the little party started out. They soon, however, came to grief, as they were overhauled by brigands and robbed of all they had. They then returned. Subsequently, the Porte gave them heavy damages for the outrages to which they had been subjected. During the Abyssinian war Mr. Stanley was the correspondent of the *Herald*, which paper, it will be remembered, was the first to inform the English Government of the death of King Theodore, and the capture of Magdala.

He remained in Europe until 1870, and then started, by way of the Caspian, Tabreez, Teheran, Isfahan and the Persian Gulf, to Bombay. Here he made arrangements for his famous Zanzibar trip, with which the world is now fully acquainted.

Mr. Stanley is a gentleman of extensive reading, and skilled in all athletic accomplishments. He is a capital swimmer, a fine shot, especially with the revolver, an expert fencer, and a wonderful horseman.

He, of all men, was the best fitted for the dangerous task of finding Dr. Livingstone, and his success is an event of which any man might be proud.

THE "META" AND "GRACIE" ROUNDING SOUTHWEST SPIT.

THE Fifteenth Annual Regatta of the Brooklyn Yacht Club came off on Saturday, June 22d, over their usual course, and proved to be one of the most interesting aquatic events of the season. There were thirty yachts entered, the majority being sloops noted for their speed and sailing qualities.

The *Meta*, a first-class sloop, and the *Meteor*, of the third class, won all prizes in their classes, and the *Qui Vive* and *Sophia* those in the second class. The schooner *Madeleine* won the Club, and the schooner *Eva*, the Union prize.



MR. HENRY M. STANLEY, CHIEF OF THE NEW YORK "HERALD" EXPEDITION FOR THE RESCUE OF DR. LIVINGSTONE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ABDULLAH BROTHERS, CONSTANTINOPLE.

Our illustration represents the *Meta* and the *Gracie*, both sloops of the first class, rounding in their struggle, the Southwest Spit. The steamer *Fletcher*, carrying the judges and members of the Press, and the *Magenta*, laden with the guests of the Club, attended the fleet throughout the race.

The course was from the anchorage off Bay Ridge to the stakeboat at the Southwest Spit, passing it from westward to southward; thence to the Lightship, rounding from the northward to the eastward, and returning to the home stakeboat off Bay Ridge dock. The *Meta* sailed this distance in 7 hours, 3 minutes and 18 seconds, and the *Gracie* in 7 hours, 12 minutes and 52 seconds. The *Meta* beat the *Gracie* about half a mile.

EDITORS ON THE WING.

It is doubtful if there is any class of people who manage to derive more pleasure in a given time than editors. Their opportunities for relaxation are extremely limited, and their work is of the severest character. But when they drop scissors and paste-brush, and cut away from the devils that prowl ominously about, seeking whom they may make mad, they are about the heartiest fellows alive. The annual excursion of the New York State Editorial Association, last week, to Water-

town, N. Y., was no exception to the rule. Additional zest was given the fun by the participation of a goodly number of Southern jour-

nalists, who are making an extended tour of this section of the country. Watertown is a glorious little place on the Black River—a

the ladies of Watertown resemble old sailors, in that they can transform a small apartment into an elegant reception saloon, exhibiting the

stream well deserving the name. Its natural attractions are pleasant and diversified. A climb to the reservoir, whose elevation is great enough to render the steam fire-engines unnecessary; a visit to Whitesey's Point, the scene of a mysterious tragedy, and a tramp about the "Cave," are episodes of a visit seldom slighted.

The good people of the city did their prettiest to make the editors happy and comfortable, and after a round of festivities, wound up with a brilliant reception at the Rink on Thursday evening, June 27th. The building was ablaze with Chinese lanterns, while cordial-toned mottoes were displayed in profusion. "Welcome!" caught the guest's eye on his entrance. On one side were the words, in evergreens, "Watertown greets the Editors," and "Banish dull care"—an admonition agreeable to all participants. Opposite, we read, "The North to the South," and "Welcome to the Press." In the centre was an elegant pagoda, in which were a fine collection of birds, alive and stuffed, and a pond of beautiful fish. Decorations were seen at every turn, and it was generally remarked that



NEW YORK HARBOR.—ANNUAL REGATTA OF THE BROOKLYN YACHT CLUB.—THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE "META" AND THE "GRACIE," AT THE SOUTHWEST SPIT.
FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.



NEW JERSEY.—THE PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE TO THE MONMOUTH PARK RACE COURSE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. J. RUSSELL.—SEE PAGE 284.

utmost taste, and at the same time a wonderful economy of space. The music, refreshments, dancing, and presentation addresses were capital. Everbody felt jolly, and with good reason. The affair marks an epoch in the history of the quiet city, and a milestone of pleasure on the journalists' laborious tramp.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

SPELL bound—Children at school.

A NOTORIOUS eavesdropper—Rain.

The best paint for faces—Water-colors.

The latest poem on Chicago begins: "Hark! what hellish glare is that?"

The children say it's scold weather always when house-cleaning is going on.

Why is a pretty, well-made, fashionable girl like a thrifty housekeeper? Because she makes a very great bustle about a small waist.

"Josh, I say, I was going down street the other day, and seed a tree bark." "Golly, Sam, I seed it hollow." "I seed the same one leave." "Did it take its trunk with it?" "Oh, it left that for board."

CLERGYMAN—"How many essential elements are there in baptism?" Boy—"Three." Clergyman—"Three! I'm surprised. Don't you know that there are only two—the word of God and water?" Boy—"Why, there must be a baby, and isn't it an essential element?"

A young man in Indiana who was arrested for having a horse tied for twelve hours in front of a house without food or shelter, has been triumphantly acquitted on showing that he was sparking all that while. The judge had been there, and knew how it was himself.

A Boston lawyer had a horse that always stopped and refused to cross a certain bridge leading out of the city. No whipping, no urging, would compel him to cross, so he advertised him: "To be sold for no other reason than that the owner wants to go out of town."

A Paris journalist recently encountered a poor blind man playing a clarinet in the street, whom he had formerly seen doing the same thing in St. Cloud. He asked him how he had happened to change places. "Ah sir," answered the blind man, "it made me sad to look at the ruins of the war."

Three little boys were disputing as to whose father said the shortest grace. First boy—"My father says, 'Lord, we thank you for these provisions.'" Second—"And mine says, 'Father, bless this food to us.'" Third boy—"Ah, but mine's the best of all. He shoves his plate up to mamma and says, 'Darn ye, fill up.'"

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

MARY CARMAN, Farmer Village, N. Y., has used 15 different patent sewing-machines in family sewing; none does so beautiful work, fine or coarse, as the Wheeler & Wilson Lock-Stitch, or is so readily changed from one kind to another; has sewed with one that has been in use 16 years, without a cent for repairs, and has the same needles that came with the machine, with two others in use 10 years, each without repairs. She has supported a family of three, sometimes earning \$4 per day, or \$1 in an evening. See the new Improvements and Woods's Lock-Stitch Ripper.

CHICAGO, Jan. 22, 1872.

F. W. FARWELL, Secretary Babcock Fire Extinguisher Co.

DEAR SIR—Our experience with the Babcock Fire Extinguisher on this road (we have 230 of the machines) has confirmed our first estimate of it, as a most desirable safeguard. We have saved our buildings repeatedly, and in one or two instances have prevented what we may reasonably suppose would have been large conflagrations.

I cannot too strongly commend them. Their general use would render a fire a rare circumstance.

Yours, truly,

ROBERT HARRIS,

Gen'l Sup't Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad.

The attention of parents and guardians is called to the Nursery-Gate and Window-Bar patented by Eugene Howard, of Boston, and for sale at No. 508 Broadway. Rarely do we find simplicity and practical utility more neatly combined. Being adjustable, it will fit any door, window, or stairway; is complete in itself, requiring no attachments to adjust it; can be applied or removed without the slightest trouble. The Window-Bar is furnished with a brace-lock, which fastens it securely in the window so that it cannot be removed without the key. The Nursery-Gate is made of upright slats, so that no child can climb it. Both the Nursery-Gate and Window-Bar are adjusted on the same principle. With the adoption of these, we shall hear less of children falling out of windows or meeting with street accidents.

MONTANA TERRITORY.—A correspondent writes from Stevensville, Montana Territory, under date of June 13, that the weather in Montana is beautiful and warm, and that the rivers and mountain streams are rapidly rising in consequence of the melting snows from the Sierras. The grain crops are looking finely; in fact, everything betokens an abundant harvest and a prosperous season, which only needs, he adds, the rumble of the locomotives of the Northern Pacific Railroad through the Territory to render it complete.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.—The new Wilson Underfeed Shuttle Sewing Machine is to-day the simplest, most perfect, most easy operating, best made, most durable, and in every way most valuable Sewing Machine in existence, and it is sold fifteen dollars less than all other first-class machines, on easy terms. Salesroom, 707 Broadway, N. Y.; also for sale in all other cities in the United States.

WATCH No. 24,008, Stem Winder—Trade Mark, "United States Watch Co. (Giles, Wales & Co.), Marion, N. J."—has been worn by me about five months; during that time has varied but eight seconds. I have worn it while riding on horseback and in railroad cars. **CHAS. H. WOLFF**, firm Chas. H. Wolff & Co., Pearl Street, Cincinnati, O.

ALL persons wishing to buy tickets for the Great Musical and Distribution Carnival at Rochester, N. Y., can send by mail and be supplied as late as July 14th, and be good for the drawing of prizes. Address, **Geo. H. Ellis**, 64 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.

WHAT THE TROUBLE IS.—One of the lock-stitch sewing-machine companies advertises an attachment called a ripper, but the trouble is, that the lock-stitch seam, being tangled and non-elastic, rips and bursts too often. The strongest and most elastic seam is made by the Willcox & Gibbs machine, which has the further advantage of being locked and unlocked at pleasure.

Plantation Bitters.—The fact that it combines the properties of an invigorant with those of a regulator and alterative, in exactly the proportions necessary to produce a radical change in the tone of the system, and the action of the digestive and secretory organs, is an unanswerable argument in its favor as a general restorative.

SUPPER parties can be accommodated at the *Maison Dorée*, corner of Broadway and Fourteenth Street, near Union Square. It is patronized by the elite of the fashion and the respectability of New York. If desired, parties of four or more can have a room to themselves. It is also the very place for ladies who have been out shopping to call and take a little luncheon in.

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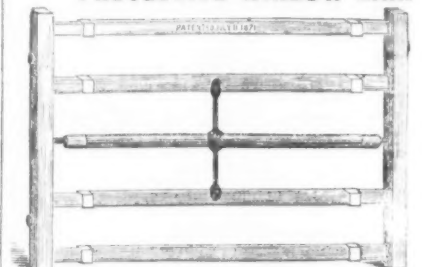
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This illustration represents a new design of Swinging Water-Set manufactured by REED & BARTON. The swinging stand enables the person using to pour water from the Pitcher without being compelled to lift it. The Pitcher is made with one of their patent seamless linings; the Goblets and Bowl are lined with gold, and are finished in the "frosted" style of finish which is so popular, and so appropriate for a Water-Set. REED & BARTON manufacture all their Ware of a very fine white and pure alloy, and plate them heavily with pure silver.

The product of their works embraces every variety of Table-Ware, such as **TEA, DINNER & WATER-SETS, CAKE BASKETS, FRUIT STANDS, ICE PITCHERS, ETC.**

They pay especial attention to the manufacture of Spoons and Forks, which they manufacture of a very fine quality of nickel silver, and plate with pure silver. They also manufacture the alloys of which their goods are made, thus having the whole process, from first to last, under their own supervision. They are the oldest manufacturers of this class of goods in the United States, their Factories having been established at Taunton, Mass., in 1824.

SALESROOMS, AT THE FACTORIES, and 2 MAIDEN LANE, N. Y.

LADIES! GO TO O'NEILL'S FOR MILLINERY GOODS. The Largest and Finest Selection in the City. **500 CASES NEW STRAW GOODS.** 25 doz. French Chip Round Hats, \$1.50; 20 doz. French Chip Bonnets at \$2.50, sold on Broadway at \$5; 100 doz. Children's Leghorn Hats, \$1.25 to \$3; 50 doz. Leghorn Hats, \$2, worth \$3; 100 doz. Rough-and-Ready, la mode, 50 cts. **BONNET & SASH RIBBONS.** Finest assortment of BONNET RIBBONS in the city, Nos. 4, 5, 7, 9, 12, 16 and 22, newest shades. 100 cartons 7-inch SASH RIBBONS, 85c., all colors. 100 cartons Fancy Plaids, 85c.; worth \$1.25. 50 cartons SCOTCH PLAIDS, 95c., \$1, all silk.

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AT THE SECOND

INTERNATIONAL INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION
OF THE
MECHANICS' INSTITUTE:

To THE EXHIBITION COMMITTEE:

Gentlemen: The undersigned, Judges in Department 1,
Group 7, report that they have carefully and impartially ex-
amined, according to the "Instructions to Judges" transmitted
to them, the several competing articles submitted for their judg-
ment, and that the following are their conclusions:

No. 795. American Watches. Entered by

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this country."

ALLEN CHURCH,
GEO. I. BENTLEY, } Judges.
B. S. BENTLEY,

I hereby certify, that the above is a correct copy of the report
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First Premium. (Large Medal.)

D. B. McNISH,

Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 29th, 1871.

Secretary.

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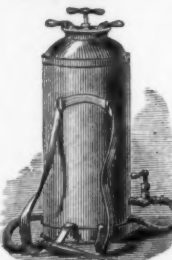
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